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Round the World with the A.I.F. in Days of War and Peace

1918 - 19

By
J. D. COZENS
9/41



With Illustrations

Brisbane :
ROBT. McGREGOR & CO., PRINTERS.
1920.

John David Cozens

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THE JOHN OXLEY MEMORIAL LIBRARY BRISBANE

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PREFACE.

IN response to a request by some eight hundred soldiers, from the camps of Fovant, Weymouth, Tidworth, Sutton Veney and the troopship "Ajana," that I should write an account of my trip around the world and dedicate same to Miss Constance Penruddock of the little Grey Home, Dinton, as a souvenir for her from Australian soldiers on account of the kindness shown them as well as all other Allied soldiers for a period of four years, during which time she threw her home open to them during Saturday afternoons and Sundays, where they could avail themselves of reading and writing, as well as receive refreshments while there; also attending the railway station, meeting every draft that left Dinton for the time abovementioned, meeting as many as six drafts a day, being there as early as 6 o'clock a.m. and 9 o'clock p.m., where she distributed books, pamphlets and pocket wallets, and various articles which would be of benefit to them, and writing letters to their friends far away, keeping parcels for them should they return; if not, sending them to whom they were addressed, and spending in all out of her own private income a sum of money amounting to more than £1,000. Miss Penruddock descended from an old established family. Her brother lives on the Estate at Dinton, where the family have resided for four hundred years. Previous to coming to Dinton they resided at Cumberland in the North of England for four hundred years. One of them, Simon Penruddock, was made a local magistrate 400 years ago, in the reign of Edward 6th. I also desire to mention that her next neighbours, the Miss Grahams, also did a good deal of work for soldiers in various ways. I have heard many soldiers remark when in camp, after Armistice, that they heard men in the trenches speak of Miss Penruddock and the little Grey Home in Dinton, saying they wished they were back there again, and I hope this little book will appeal to her as a small taken of appreciation by tohse who came in contact with her. As there are so many books written on the war, I do not propose to write much about it, only what I saw myself. It will be more of a guide to Great Britain should tourists wish a trip there and see as much as I did: they will be able to say their trip around the world was a success.

Great Britain is certainly the greatest Nation on the earth; she is mistress of the waters of the world; her ships can be sent to any part of the planet, and can obtain coal and provisions at her own ports, being independent of every other nation, whereas no other land can send her ships far beyond her own shores, before they have to depend upon a British port for the necessary supplies of life. A steamer leaving Liverpool can go in a westerly direction and the first port she need call at is Halifax. From there she can turn south, call at the Island of Jamaica in the West Indies, and if denied a passage through the Panama Canal, can continue on in a southerly direction, call at British Guiana, continue on till she reaches the Falkland Islands, and if denied a passage through the Magellan Straits, continue on round Cape Horn, enter the Pacific Ocean and reach the Australian possessions, calling at her own ports all the way, ignoring all others. Or she can leave Liverpool, call at Gibraltar, from there to Port Said, come through the Suez Canal, which, thanks to Disraeli is now the centre of the

British Empire; from there through the Red Sea, call at Aden, from there to Colombo, and on to Fremantle in Western Australia, and ignore every other Nation the whole route. She can reach the North and South Poles, calling at her own ports for the necessities of life all the way. To whom do other Nations turn whenever they are in want or distress but to England. She shelters the refugees from the various despots and tyrants of Europe. From the earliest ages England has suffered the hate and jealousy of her enemies. In the year 50 A.D., when Caractacus was taken prisoner and carried to Rome, the sight of the splendid city filled him with wonder, and when he came before the Emperor Claudius, he asked how is it that you envy me my poor little cottage in Britain. England has in the past made land preparations for defence, but they have never been required. No foeman's footstep has pressed English soil, and English women can still boast for many an age that they had never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Think of the British Empire! Let us get an idea of its immensity. Fifty-two times the size of Germany, and seven times its population; fifty-three times the size of France and nine times its population; three and a-half times the size of the United States and four and a-half times its population. The British Empire has now a population of over 350 millions of people, with an annual revenue of three hundred millions of pounds sterling, with an annual trade amounting to one thousand two hundred million pounds sterling, carried in forty thousand British ships of an aggregate burden of ten million tons. The Royal Edward dock at Bristol covers an area of forty acres, with its 100 feet wide lock, which will enable Bristol to make a supreme effort to retrieve its ancient title of the Gate of the Western Ocean.

The historic Church of England can trace her ancient line past Canterbury, past Glastonbury, where it is said the first Christian Church was planted in England, back through the ages till we reach the Church in the wilderness that received the law from Sinai. Wherever England's sovereignty has gone, two blades of grass grew where one grew before. Her flag has benefitted the countries over which it floats, and carries with it civilisation, Christian religion, order, justice and prosperity. England has always treated a conquered race with justice, and what under her rule is the law for the white man is the law for the black, red and yellow man. And here we have an explanation of the fact that England alone of the nations, has been successful in establishing and maintaining colonies and of the further extraordinary fact that a comparatively small insular country, containing less than forty million inhabitants, can successfully preside over destinies of three hundred and ninety million other members of the human race. I have been in England, I have seen in her great manufacturing cities the miracles of that activity which covers the whole world with the productions of a pretty Island in Europe. In the ports of London, of Liverpool, and other places, I have gazed upon those floating Isles, those thousands of masts, which bear afar over every sea the riches and power of the nation. I have admired in Scotland a simple, energetic and active people, ready to sacrifice everything rather than abandon the unity of the Empire. Some Naval and Political writers seem to take it for granted that England is mistress of the seas because she has so many naval bases and coaling stations, whereas it is exactly the reverse. She would have lost Gibraltar several times had it not been for the strength of the Navy. It is her Navy that holds the naval bases and coaling stations and makes her mistress of the seas. Before the war German people said England has

ships but no men to work them. In twelve months after the war broke out she had eight million men directly and indirectly engaged in the Navy work.

The British rule over peoples of every clime, colour and creed. The Anglo-Saxons have a remarkable faculty for attracting and absorbing alien races in their colonies. An English corporal, who has never seen anything but White Chapel and Aldershot, will handle fifty or a hundred coloured men as though born and bred to the task. . . . He gets his job done and well done,, before other Europeans are half-way through. There is magic in British and English blood that is absent from the Teuton and other races.

One or another of the leading Continental ports is ever and anon informing the world that it has now a larger trade than London, and there are even people in England who have an idea that London is retrograding—that its high charges are hurting it. The facts are quite the reverse. The trade of the port of London is simply going ahead by leaps and bounds. "Rome in the height of her glory," said Daniel Webster, "was not to be compared with Britain—a power which has dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military ports, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the maritime airs of England. As the old patriotic toast ran, the sun never sets on British dominions, with one continuous and unbroken strain of the maritime airs of England." with the rest of the world he replied, "that is true; but in that garden grows many a bitter weed." His attempts to invade her coasts were futile. In 1665 the English, under General Penn, took Jamaica, and every four years since they have added a colony. She is now ruling over fifty-five colonies, one Empire, India; and one dominion, Canada. In a place where there are many miles of ruined cities, palaces, heathen temples and churches occupied by wildest Bedouins, owls and jackals. A Turkish soldier was asked what can save this land. He replied, "The British Army can." Two days after the East Coast raid annexation of Egypt and Sudan, over one million three hundred thousand square miles, with fourteen million people were added to the Empire, the first time since the creation of the world that these people have been governed by a civilised power. The war (1878) should draw the attention of the world to the fatal significance for all nations of the English domination in Egypt, and the fact that England controls Suez and Gibraltar and all the chief strategical points on the globe. Her already powerful fleet goes on increasing in strength, and with the addition of the ships now building will attain colossal proportions. She has also a large number of coaling stations on all the principal sea routes. All the advantages, taken together, make England truly mistress of the seas.

NEW YEAR, 1919.

AUSSIE BOYS.

To the many dear Aussie "Boys" I write this:—"Boys" of whatever age—who passed through my "Little Grey Home" and to those also who have received my wee booklets ("Rations" and "Bread Tickets" we called them!), Cards, "Mirrors," and various "Souvenirs" from the 'Bacsheesh" basket, on the stations of Dinton and Wilton, when going to the Front, to "Scule" leave, etc.—to one and all—Greeting.

I have taken as a nucleus the names of those whose home address is found in my Visitors' books or other lists. Alas! many put Regiment and names only—many this letter cannot reach—but to those it reaches I hope it will convey the good wishes of the Australians' "Mother," who from October, 1916, to the present time (November, 1918) has gone in and out among them at all hours and places, and has never received anything but courtesy and kindness from them.

I should like to thank all for their consideration and goodness to an old lady who only offered them things neither temporal nor tempting, but purely for the good of their minds and spiritual welfare.

I hope that in the sunshine of the South they will not forget to pass on to others any good they may have received.

I feel strongly a new and better life must be to each of us the outcome of this War—"Dinkum" true—real—we all must be, the world must be made better by our share in it. Those whose lives were saved by God must take up the fight for Him as bravely as they did for King and Country.

ADVANCE then—AUSSIES—CHRIST-MEN. Dear Aussies—scattered over your God-given Country, in thinking sometimes of the Soldiers' "Mother" in the old world garden, strive so to live as she will think of you as living.

With best and loving wishes for 1919 from your old Friend of "The Little Grey Home."

CONSTANCE H. L. PENRUDDOCKE.

"The Little Grey Home,"
Dinton, Salisbury, England.
November, 1918.

Round the World with the A.I.F. in Days of War and Peace

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OUTWARD BOUND.

On Thursday morning, March 7th, 1918, the troopship "Ormonde," 16,000 tons, lay at anchor in Port Melbourne dock, having arrived there the previous Monday morning from Sydney, carrying on board 580 Queensland soldiers, reinforcements of the 26th, 31st and 41st Battalions, and a Light Horse Unit, which had arrived by rail from Enoggera camp, Brisbane, and came on board at Sydney, accompanied by 260 New Zealand soldiers which had come from New Zealand by boat to Sydney a few days previous. There were also some civilians including a number of Nurses, whose destination was Colombo. The vessel, while in Melbourne, took on board an immense quantity of cargo, including coal, etc., for the voyage, as she had only two stopping places, Melbourne and Suez. She coaled at Fremantle, Western Australia, and Colombo, Ceylon. At 10 a.m. there came on board 250 Victorian soldiers, 200 South Australian soldiers, 150 Tasmanians. At 10.30 a.m. Governor-General Sir Munro-Ferguson arrived and delivered a short address to each Unit, which were lined up on the different decks in charge of their Orderly Officers, being mostly 2nd Lieutenants. The Governor-General wished them a successful voyage and hoped that many of them would be spared to come back. Their comrades who had already gone to the front, he said, had covered Australia with glory by their gallant deeds and bravery, and he had no doubt that those he was now addressing were men of the same calibre. After his departure from the vessel the relatives and friends of those departing were allowed on the wharf and a display of fareweling then took place; bunting and flags were tied from the deck to the pier and farewell words and gifts exchanged between parents, wives, sisters, brothers and sweethearts, who had come there to see the departure of those most dear to them. Smiles and tears were visibly exchanged between them, when at 11.30 a.m. the vessel lifted anchor and sailed out into the Bay on her course, leaving many a sorrowing heart standing on the wharf watching her until right out of sight, when they wended their way back to the city, then to their homes. The Ormonde had sailed, those dear to them had gone, time would tell what their fate would be, but so long as there was life there was hope; but the war in France where they were going to was raging; the end was not in sight. They knew that, and they knew no more. The Ormonde, after leaving the dock, sailed on until 4 p.m., when she passed through the Heads at Queenscliff and entered the Southern Ocean. The journey had commenced, and many of the soldiers know it, as a general hopover called seasickness took place, which lasted until Wednesday morning, March 13th,

when she entered Fremantle Harbour, West Australia. The Australian Bight through which she had passed is always more or less rough sailing and naturally upsets those not accustomed to sea life. No one was allowed to go off at Fremantle and at 9.30 p.m. the same night, after taking on coal and 150 more soldiers, she sailed out of the Swan River into the Indian Ocean on a straight route for Colombo. The ocean was exceedingly calm all the way, sickness ceased, appetites improved and the soldiers became themselves again, the principal occupation being drill and sports, with intervals between to watch flying fish, etc., and occasionally a salt water bath by way of a shower erected on the decks. On Monday, the 18th, she passed the Cocos Islands at a distance of one mile, and by the aid of a telescope the wreck of the Emden could be seen in the distance. This German raider did a deal of destruction, sinking several merchant vessels, etc., and was the terror of the Indian Ocean. She was sighted by an Australian vessel called the Sydney, who gave her chase. She was flying the British flag. The captain, seeing he could not escape destruction ran her on to the Island and surrendered, although the Sydney stood a good chance of being sunk as she risked too much. The Emden was destroyed to such an extent as to make her of no more use, and the captain and crew taken prisoners. We sailed on until Saturday, March 23rd, when we anchored in Colombo early in the morning. Part of the crew were allowed to go ashore in the forenoon, and part in the afternoon. The sights of the different dresses of the people and the bamboo bullock drays and other conveyances including the rickshays, which are drawn by men who run you all around the town for one shilling, was very interesting, but the heat was intense, as it is only two day's sail from the Equator, which we crossed at midnight on the 21st instant; after taking on board coal and fruit, principally bananas, we sailed out of the harbour at 12 p.m. We reached Port Suez on Thursday morning, April 4th, passing on the way the Laccadive Islands, then entered the Arabian Sea, then passed the Straits of Babelmandeb, Cape Guardafin, the Gulf of Aden, into the Red Sea; did not call at Aden, but saw it in the distance. From March 30th to April 3rd we sailed in this sea, which was very calm and warm; met two vessels when going through it. Before coming to Suez the African coast is very mountaineous, mostly sandy mountains. On the opposite side, in Arabia, is a vast sandy desert, with the mountain of Sinia showing. This sea at one part is not many miles across, and this is supposed to be the spot Moses with the children of Israel crossed, when chased by Pharoah coming from Heliopolis, then called the Land of Goshen into Arabia, the desert and mountain of Sinia being right opposite. Early in the morning of April 4th we anchored in Port Suez; the first sight that caught the eye of the soldiers was several aeroplanes flying about. After general inspection, etc., we came off the boat having dinner on the wharf where great amusement was given us by watching the man in charge of the Gyppos hurrying them up at their work by slapping them on the legs with a piece of board whenever they lagged or when going anywhere slow. At 3 p.m. the Light Horse Unit took train for Ismalia; the rest of us marched out through the town to tents erected in the desert, about four miles from the wharf and a mile from the town. Here we remained for nearly a month, until April 30th, having drill, fatigue work, making sun dried bricks, swims in the sea, after marching three miles

through the sand by way of exercise, and on guard at the segregation camp. Measles having broken out, all the tent mates of the one effected had to go into a camp of their own for three weeks, which was situated three miles further off, and not being allowed to go out of the enclosure had to be guarded. A few days after our arrival at Suez, one thousand New Zealanders came into camp and four hundred Turkish prisoners also came there by train from Cairo. A large number of Indians arrived almost daily, some going to Palastine, others coming from there for a rest. Thursday, April 25th, we celebrated Anzac Day, being the third anniversary of same. Sports were celebrated, including a camel race, which caused considerable amusement, but the day was marred by one of the 41st Battalion men poisoning himself early in the morning, no reason being given by him for doing same. The following day we gave him a military funeral, and laid him to rest in the lonely desert, and a few nights after, while on guard at the measles compound, I heard the wild desert dogs barking and fighting over his grave. Suez is a very old town; it is watered by a sweet canal, but although this water can be used by the black man who has become immune to it, it is death to the white man, therefore the drinking water comes a considerable distance through pipes. The houses are all flat-roofed and have only a canvas covering, as it seldom rains there, and then only slight showers. The women wash and dry their clothes on top of the houses. The milkman drives the cow or cows as the case may be from house to house, the person requiring milk brings out his jug and the milkman milks the quantity required, then drives or leads his cows on to the next place, and so on, until the cows have given all their milk, when he returns home with them. The Mahomedan women are heavily veiled, two holes through the veil exist with which to see their way. The married women wear a mask over their noses to distinguish them; they have to walk several paces behind the men, the wife behind the husband, no arm and arm business with them, and when any one of them dies the wailing of these women is something frightful. The men spend a lot of their time in gambling. The streets are narrow, crooked, dark and dirty. The men draw water from the sweet canal to water their gardens by way of a wooden wheel worked by an ox and an ass, the same as prevailed two thousand years ago, as customs never alter in the East. If you suggest some new and better method of doing work, they reply my father did it this way, his father did it the same way, I do the same and this was a place peopled by a civilised race long before Greece or Rome were born and Great Britain, now the greatest nation on earth, was in a state of savagery walking about dressed in the skins of animals. There was a number of Serbians camped in the desert having a rest and to watch them drill was a great treat, smart active fellows. The ruins of an old fortress built by Napoleon when in Egypt still remains. A railway line runs through to Cairo desert the whole way, also a road running along the line. On April 30th we left by rail for Port Tewfick, went on board a boat called the Ellenga, an Italian boat, one deck, a poor boat for such a crowd of men, and worse still poor food. We left at 4 p.m. and sailed up the Suez Canal, reaching Port Said early next morning. We, however, had sufficient daylight to see what the Canal was like. There is room for two large vessels to pass each other. The sides are stoned up to keep the sand back; dredges are continually working up and down to keep

the proper depth, otherwise the sand would accumulate and stop progress. As we went along the Canal, we passed between banks higher than the ordinary level, which have been excavated from the Canal, and thrown upon both sides, and looking over these banks we could see the extensive barren waste on the Egyptian side covered with water and on the opposite side a sandy desert extending to Palastine. At a spot which was the caravan track of ancient times there is a floating bridge thrown across the Canal by steam. It is shaped like a flat-bottomed boat and crosses and re-crosses the Canal, wound and unwound upon large drums by a steam engine. There are stations all along the Canal in which officers and men reside to keep watch over the Canal, and to render help if a vessel should run aground. At most of these stations there are nice gardens, consisting of flowers and vegetables. They are watered by fresh water brought from the Nile by way of a canal through pipes from Cairo to Ismalia, then down to Suez. The canal runs into two lakes of a considerable size, one called the Bitter Lakes, the other, near Ismalia, called the Timseh. On the eastern side there were innumerable trenches and barb wire entanglements which had been erected by the Turks in the early part of the war, to prevent the Allies landing and coming into Palestine. The Suez Canal dates as far back at B.C. 1400, about 400 years before the time of Solomon, when a ditch was dug 57 miles long, and wide enough to carry the largest vessels of that day, from Bubastir on the Nile to Heliopolis on the Bitter Lakes, then the end of the Gulf of Suez at the north end of the Red Sea. In the course of centuries it became filled with sand and 800 years later an attempt was made to clean it out, but failed on account of 120,000 men being sacrificed in the desert, because of a prophecy, that should it be finished, Egypt would fall into the hands of the Barbarians. Then 100 years later an attempt was again made to open it up, but was abandoned on account of the engineering experts of that day fearing that the canal would be flooded. Then in the year B.C. 285 a canal was dug from the Nile to Arainde, not far from the present Suez, and two centuries later fell into disrepair and was unnavigable. A few centuries later Roman engineers cleaned and repaired the old waterway, but when the Mohammedans conquered Egypt the canal was finally abandoned to the drifting sands of the desert. Then in the year 1798, Napoleon, when conqueror of Egypt, ordered his engineers to make a survey for a direct canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. After suffering great hostility from the desert tribes and hardships in various ways, they made an erroneous report that the level of the Red Sea was 30 feet above that of the Mediterranean. Only a few years later Humbolt made the same mistake regarding the level of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans at the Panama. This revived the idea that the opening of the Suez Canal would cause the Red Sea to deluge Egypt. Lieutenant Waghorn, of the Royal Navy made surveys of his own and disproved this fallacy and urged the digging of the canal. His judgment as to the sea levels was confirmed by a board of experts appointed by the Viceroy of Egypt in the year 1846, but this was over-ruled by the British representatives, one of the strongest opponents being Robert Stephenson, the father of railways. He preferred a railway from Suez on the Red Sea to Cairo. This railway was built and cargo, mail and passengers to and from India was transshipped across it to the great profit of the Egyptian Government. In the

year 1854, Firdinard De Lesseps, a representative of France in Egypt, and 50 years of age, won the friendship of Mohammed Said, who became Viceroy of Egypt, and obtained his consent for the construction of a canal from Suez to the Mediterranean. Port Said is named after this Viceroy. Great Britain opposed the canal, and having all power in Turkey, the Sultan refused to give his consent. In vain did De Lesseps point out that it would be a private concern, and a short route to India, the English Government could see nothing but an attempt to revive French domination in Egypt and to separate Egypt from the Turkish Empire. The English Press denounced it as another South Sea bubble, but De Lesseps was indefatigable. He travelled back and forward from Cairo, to Constantinople, to Paris, to London, and to Cairo again. He held public meetings throughout Great Britain, saw each member of Parliament separately, explained everything to them, and gradually the tide of popular opinion turned in his favour. The British Government released its hostility, De Lesseps felt he could make a start, and in 1859 the work was commenced and finished in 1869, length of 100 miles at a cost of £100,000,000. The Khedive of Egypt held in all 177,662 shares, but became bankrupt and offered his shares for sale, but before they reached the open market the then Prime Minister of England, Benjamin Disraeli, purchased the lot for four millions sterling in the name of the English Government. The news was received with general approbation. The London newspapers broke into a chorus of applause; the London clubs were delighted, the air rang with praises of the courage and spirit shown by the Ministry, and the British Government got control of the canal it had so long opposed. From England to Bombay it saves 6,240 miles; from Petrograd to Bombay it saves 4,040 miles; from New York to Bombay it saves 3,600 miles. Before reaching Port Said in the morning about 8 a.m., a mile from the anchoring place, we passed a camp of Armenians on the right-hand side, put there by the British Government for protection, nearly all women and children, as most of the men had been killed. They came running down to the side of the Canal, the women waving their handkerchiefs, and the children jumping up in the air, all shouting and cheering There was a big meaning at the back of it all, for a little way further on an old man standing by his hut called out quite loud, "Australia, kangaroo, good fellow fightfum for us." About eight million of these unfortunate people have been massacred by the Turks in a most brutal and cowardly manner, because they would not adopt the Mahommedan religion, that religion that carries with it no daylight. The tragedies of Serbia, the devastation of Belgium, the horrors of the hecatombs of Lybian and Syria do not compare with the cruelty of the Turks over the Armenians. Numbers were burnt alive in incinerators, numbers crucified alive on crosses in mockery of their prophet Christ, children were sewed up in bags alive and thrown into the sea to be devoured by sharks, old women were driven like cattle and sold in the markets to work as slaves; girls budding into womanhood were sold into the harems to gratify the lust of brutal soldiers, and yet on top of all this we have those who have repeatedly said that it was a trade war and Great Britain waged war with Turkey because of the trade she would receive in the East. After passing this camp we came into port at Port Said about 8.30 a.m. on the morning of May 1st, and remained on board until May 3rd, and as no

one was allowed to go ashore, we spent the time as best we could seeing the sights of the harbour. There were about 50 vessels in the harbour, also a number of seaplanes flying and lighting in the water. About 4 p.m. on the afternoon of May 2nd we sailed out of the Canal and anchored in the Mediterranean Sea along with a number of other vessels, for the night, and the following morning (Friday), at 11 a.m., started across the Mediterranean for Marseilles, accompanied by thirty other vessels, consisting of 21 merchant vessels, three transports, two being French, six gun boats and destroyers. Before starting we were supplied with lifebelts, which we had to keep close in our possession day and night, each man was allotted a position on the boat in case of danger, day and night two men were placed on the rigging, sitting in a barrel to keep a lookout for anything suspicious that might occur. These men belonged to the crew of the vessels and put two hours on the lookout and four hours off duty in the twenty-four. No lights were allowed to be lit at night, everything in darkness. Nothing of any interest occurred until Wednesday morning, May 8, when we were startled by the vessel next to ours firing a bomb into the sea. Instantly the men on the lookout of each vessel blew their whistles, a submarine had been sighted, the bomb which had been fired at it brought up a white foam; something was coming to the surface, but before we could see what it was, the same vessel fired another shot into the foam and two destroyers also fired into it. A large cloud of black smoke then poured up out of the water, the submarine's magazine had been burst and that was all we saw of her. There may have been twenty men on board. The next day a French vessel next to ours struck a floating mine. We felt the shock and at first thought our vessel was struck, but on going up to the deck saw the other vessel staggering back. Two destroyers accompanied her and she got into the Italian coast in safety. The next day five of the vessels left us for Gibraltar. They were to be picked up by an Italian escort, but this escort by some means or another, missed them, and the result was, which we heard afterwards, that two of them got torpedoed by submarines and all hands on them drowned. On the way we saw the Islands of Sardinia on our right, Baleric on our left and Corsica on our right; also saw a large whale as he swam past the boat, and on Saturday morning, May 11th, we anchored in the harbour of Marseilles, having been nine days crossing the Mediterranean, being fully two days longer than is usual for such a trip, but the vessels were not going straight, they were zig-zagging about to dodge the submarines. These submarines of which the sea was full, knew all about us, but were afraid to come too close on account of the destroyers that were for ever on the look out. We were not allowed on shore at Marseilles, but stayed all day on deck and at evening came off and were marched to the railway station about two miles away and put into cattle trucks, 20 men in each truck, to go from Marseilles through France to Le Harve on the English Channel. There were two trains, one containing 900 Australian soldiers, and the other which ran an hour behind us, contained 880 New Zealand soldiers. We carried rations which consisted of hard biscuits, bully beef and jam, tea being prepared for us on the route at different stages, where coppers of hot water were in readiness. The journey through France of about 1,000 miles was one of the finest sights that Australians soldiers experienced all through the war.

After spending a night in the trucks, we rose next morning which was Sunday, May 12th, the sun was shining and fairly warm, the first sight that caught our eyes was the fine Rhone River. We crossed it over an iron bridge out into an extensive valley covered with fields of all classes of agriculture, vineyards, fruit gardens, vegetable gardens, villages and towns, nice houses, clean streets, rows of trees along each side of same, birds' nests in everyone further back from the towns and villages, castles, some with their tops knocked off, done at the time of the revolution, rising ground and rich flats and streams of water all through them, everything carrying with it a scene of beauty and prosperity. At about 3 p.m. we came into mountainous country passing through tunnels, one three miles long, out into the vast and prolific valley of the Loire River. We followed this valley alongside the river for several miles and by the time we entered the villages and towns, the news had reached the people that the trains were coming. Old men, women and children came out of their homes or stood up in the fields and waved their hats and handkerchiefs to us, the young men being all at the war, and those near the trains called out "trae bonn Australia, trae bonn", which means very good and the soldiers in response screamed and coo-eed, their echoes resounding down the valley for miles. The country in which we were passing through was one in which the revolution had played a great part as the battered walls of the castles with their towers broken off clearly showed. The revolution broke out in the year 1789 and spread all over France. King Louis 15th was a wicked king. He knew what was coming, but he only had a few years to live, and died with smallpox, only his two daughters followed him to the grave. King Louis 16th was in some ways a good king, but he was weak-minded and led by a few followers, who ill-advised him, he was slow of thought and slow of decision, and a man whom by no chance could be convinced by anything that was wrong, and to add quicker to his downfall, he married a proud Austrian Princess from Austria called Marie Antoinette. She landed in Paris with all the pomp and grandeur of a Princess to be married, and one of her remarks on the wedding day was, "Sweep the rabble off the streets that I may not soil my eye on my wedding day." The rabble referred to were the peasants who were paying 40 per cent. of their income to keep up royalty. This and many other actions set up a gulf that separated her from the French temperament and French society. The French are people who are not deceived by the accidents of wealth, nor do they attach any real inferiority to poverty; of the traits peculiar to the French she knew nothing; she could not believe that they really existed; the extremes of cruelty into which these people can fall, as well as the extremes of courage to which they can rise under the same excitements, were inconceivable to her, and she utterly failed to foresee or to comprehend their power of corporate organisation. She was on the other hand easily deceived by the flattery of place-seekers, and the great power which she weilded in politics just before the revolution broke out made her, as it were, a sort of butt of the politicians. The revolution, led by fanatics, committeed the most fearful atrocities; the Bastille in Paris was burnt, most of the nobles of the country who did not escape were beheaded, the whole country from the English Channel to the Mediterranean was one scene of misery, poverty and bloodshed, and finally the leaders

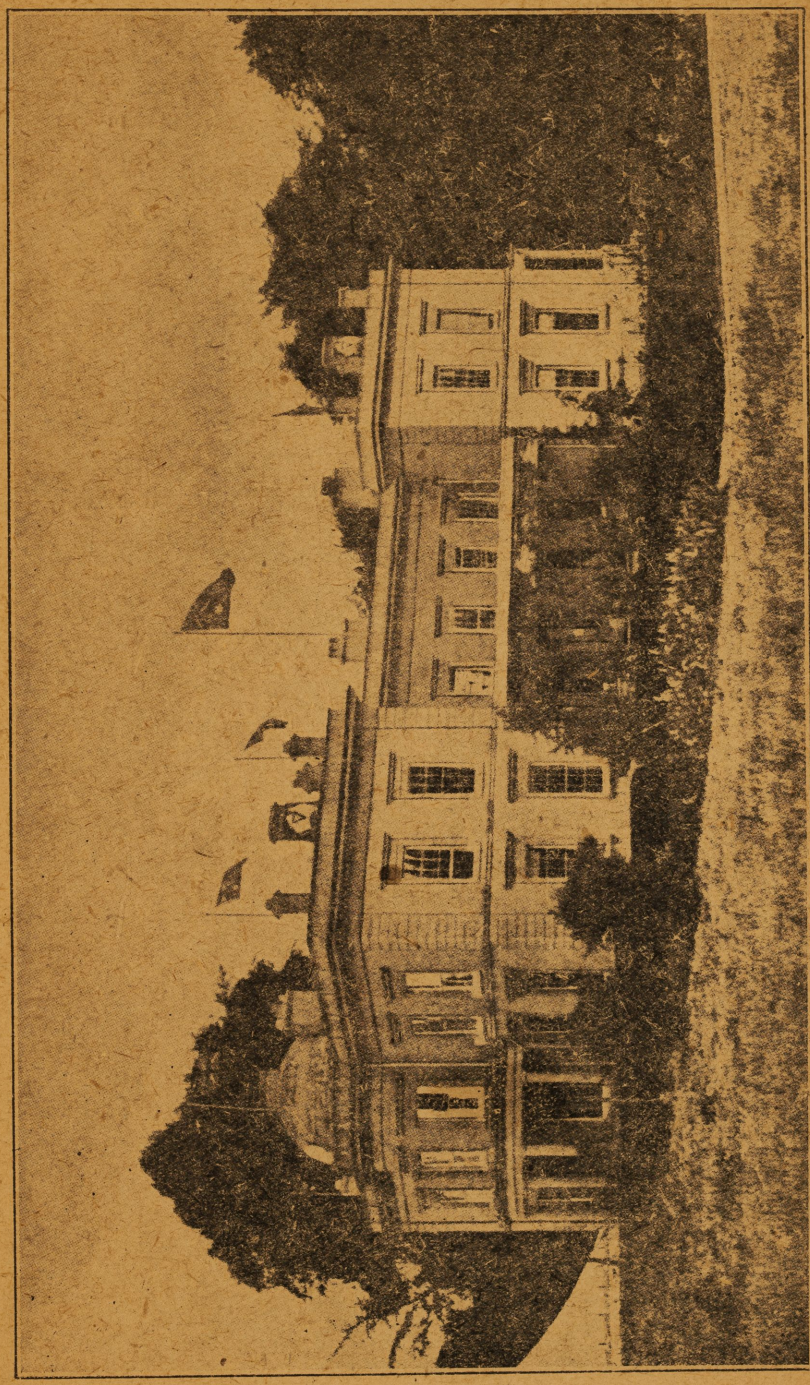
massacred each other and a reign of terror followed. The King, the Queen, the royal family and some thousands of others, perished on the guillotine. France for the time went mad, the heads of the beheaded were placed in cellars at different towns and when Bapaume was knocked down in this war hundreds of skulls from old men down to little children came in view in a cellar, and many Australian soldiers saw these skulls, and it was through the very heart of these harrowing scenes of one hundred and thirty years ago we were passing that Sunday afternoon, the scene all day long was like a panorama. No picture ever painted could be so beautiful. It was France, the home of chivalry, the garden of romance! After spending another night in the train we travelled all Monday through scenery similar to the previous day, but more woods and larger fields, the people cheering us as we passed through the villages, towns and fields. We reached the City of Versailles on the Seine River at 5 p.m. and stopped there for a while, coffee and buns being supplied us by the people at the station. We crossed the river and were then only 20 miles from Paris; passed through the town of Mantes at dusk, travelled all night, and reached Havre, on the English Channel, early next morning. The trip occupied in all three nights and two days. The engine was a slow one, but the drivers kept full steam up all the way; they lost no time but brought us through as fast as the steam power would allow. After coming off the train at Havre we were marched into the American rest camp, about 1 mile away, and on reaching there the New Zealand train arrived. They had been following us one hour behind all the way. We had three good meals in the rest camp, and heard that 8,000 Americans had gone out the week before to the front. There were a considerable number of Chinese and Negroes employed in military work at Havre. At 5 p.m. we were marched into a boat called the Marguerette, which sailed out at 9 p.m., accompanied by two destroyers, and reached South Hampton 6 a.m. the following morning. The first sight that caught our eyes was the vessel Olympia, of the White Star line, 45,000 tons, capable of carrying 10,000 people and a working crew of 2,000. She has four decks, four engines, and can only be described as a floating town. She was built in Belfast dock yards along with two larger vessels, the Titantic, which struck an iceberg off New Foundland and sank, and the Britanic, which the Germans sank in the Aegean Sea. We also saw a vessel that was torpedoed in the Channel (28 men lost), and was raised after being there three months. We left at 2 p.m. by rail and reached Fovant camp, 10 miles past the town of Salisbury, at 5 p.m., in the County of Wiltshire, where we went into isolation tents for three weeks, on account of measles breaking out. We were three months in this camp, learning drill of all kinds, with a seven days' holiday which most of the men spent in London, others going to Scotland. The drill was easier there than in Australia on account of the instructors taking more pains to explain everything, and showing out the work in a far clearer way—no bustle or calling out such as takes place in an Australian camp. Fovant camp consisted of about 200 huts, and about 1,000 men were being drilled there at that time. A draft of about 150 left every Sunday afternoon for the railway station at Dinton, where they took train for Foxton and crossed the Channel to Boulogne in France for the front. The camp life was not a lonely one, as after drill hours there were various amusements and in-

teresting lectures at the Y.M.C.A. Every Saturday morning we had a march with full pack up a distance of from eight to twelve miles. Every accommodation in the way of warm baths, etc., were available, also medical and dental attention. On the 4th of July a half-holiday was given us, it being American Independence Day. The American flag was hoisted all over England, along with the Union Jack, the first time since that country separated from England. On Wednesday evening, August 14th, a draft, including myself, left Dinton station at 8 p.m. and reached Gilford at 12 p.m. where we changed trains, reached Fockston 4 a.m. in the morning, marched into a camp of houses and had a sleep. The following morning, after having breakfast, we were marched into a boat called the Onward, and after sailing three hours reached Boulogne in France, and marched two miles into a camp.

FRANCE

While in camp at Boulogne, the news reached us that Bibecourt had been taken with 1,700 prisoners. An alarm was given at night that bombs were being dropped not far away. The following morning, Friday, August 16th, we marched from camp to the train, getting into trucks, reached Etaps at 11.30 a.m., travelled on to Cabrine, which we reached at 6 p.m., and had something to eat. While there a train load of wounded soldiers passed through, mostly Frenchmen. We continued our journey and reached Harfluer 11 p.m., got out of trucks and marched two miles into the camp, which consisted of tents. It was a hot day. The following day went through a medical examination, had a Turkish bath, then through the gas chamber, and had a lecture on gas. We were supplied with an oil coat, 120 live cartridges, and rations. The following day (Sunday), left at 2.30 p.m., walked six miles, then got into a train; had supper, travelled all night, reaching St. Ledger next morning. We stayed there all day, going through the gas chamber, having a lecture on same, got dry rations and left next day at 7 a.m., walking six miles to Vignacourt, where we got into a narrow guage train, travelling in trucks through fields of crops, etc. Reached Amiens mid-day, and had dinner consisting of biscuits and bully beef, and while there heard some guns firing. Continuing we reached De O'urs on the Somme at 4 p.m. A large number of Australians were camped there, having a rest. After walking about four miles through villages Aubigny, Varic and Vaux we camped there for the night. Three of us fell out on the route march and lost the company. The following day we got down to a camp on Somme River, and my two mates decided to report at Hamel. I left them to go to a village called Hamlet, to see a nephew, belonging to the Fifth Battalion. He was camped in an old ruined garden and was preparing to march out that night for the front line. He supplied me with a lot of news regarding Australian soldiers whom I had known, and while there I obtained from him his own experiences in the war. Naturally, being in the infantry, he went through some thrilling experiences. The following is his record from the time of joining the Battalion in France, until he left England for Australia:—Joined the Battalion at Bapaume, May, 1917, having missed the Bullecourt stunt; went back to Henecourt Wood near Albert and camped two months. He next went to Doolein, near Estires and north for one month, and on to Ypres and Polligan Wood where some heavy fighting took place; came out for eight days, went to Pashendale and was there fighting eight days. Fourteen days' rest followed and he went to Zonebk, fighting for four days; came out to Belgian Chatlan near Ypres and did one month's fatigue work. From there to Desbres, near Boulogne for a month's rest, then back north to the line at Whycletto and was in the line sixteen days, including Christmas Day, 1917. He came out of line to Kemmel for fourteen days and returned to the same sector at Whycletto, was in the line seven days, then back to Kemmel on fatigue for a month wiring around Hill 60. A week at Locre, then south to Amiens. After reaching there he came back to Hazelbrook and assisted to stop the Hun at Neippre Forest. After ten days fighting came out and went in front of Merris, in the line fourteen days; then out to Hondeghen

for eight days having a rest; back to line at Strazelle, fighting and holding the line sixteen days. Came out to Sceus and stayed there fourteen days drilling. Back to sector at Strazelle, ten days holding line, came out to Racqueghem for three week's drilling, then to harvest work at Hazelbrouck for eight days. Next he went to the big push (August 8th) at Villiers Brettenneaux on the Somme, advanced on August 10th at Lihons and was 48 hours under machine gun fire (a heavy casualty list), came out to Crecy on



SUTTON VENEY

August 15th (his twenty-fifth birthday). Here he stopped four days, and had another eight days at Hamlet, and this was the place where I saw him. After leaving here he went into St. Martin's Wood, advanced on August 23rd; had six days' fighting and came back to Vaire Wood, near Carbie for three weeks. His next move was September 24th to the Hindenburg reserve line, near Rosell and came out of the line to Abberville for one month. From there on to Landrecies and was due to go into the firing line when the Armistice was signed. He returned to Bohain for two weeks, to Sars Poteries for one month, to Charleroi in Belgium for five months, then to Sutton Veney in England for two months, then back to Australia.

During the whole period he was hit on the steel hat by a piece of shrapnel which glided off and entered the ground several inches. Had he an ordinary hat on he might have been killed. He was hit on back of the leg which bled a good deal, and was buried in a trench at Pashendale and was pulled out by mates. He was shook up a good deal but did not parade before a doctor at any time.

After leaving Hamlet I walked to the village of Vox and camped there, after being recommended by Major Trail to find Colonel Jess, who was in a camp about one mile further on. The following morning I reached the colonel's camp and reported myself as missing the Battalion; he told me to stop there that day and the following morning a man would show me where my Battalion was camped. It was a very hot day and hot night. I slept under a waggon, with bombs from aeroplanes falling all around the camp, but none hit us. Early in the morning a heavy barage opened up a few miles further on, and about 100 prisoners were brought in and sent away. I heard that the 1st Division had captured 1,300 prisoners, as well as 30 officers, also that the French had made a great capture near Bullecourt and Bapaume. I left the camp at 2 p.m. the following day after being directed to the gully in which the Battalion was camped. After walking about one mile, came in sight of a village where a large camp was just moving out. The sight which I saw for the next hour or so was one ever to be remembered. There were hundreds of limbos and transport waggons drawn by mules, hundreds of motor waggons, motor lorries, motor cars, motor bicycles, officers on horseback, followed by their batmen, hurrying pellmell along the road, also infantrymen with full packs up marching along with an officer in charge four deep, some whistling and others singing loudly a familiar song—

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile,
While you've a luciver to light your fag,
Smile boys, that's the style,
What's the use of worrying, it never was worth while,
So pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile."

Across the river about half a mile, there was a similar performance taking place, accompanying same some hundreds of cavalry men cantering their horses along with them, the whole country being in one cloud of dust and this was the scene that presented itself to me as I entered the ruined

village of Sailly Lec Sec, far down on the Somme River. I was not long in finding out the cause, as on going into the village I came across some British soldiers cleaning up and repairing the roads. One man informed me that Bray, a village some ten miles further on, had been taken and the transports were moving up there to form a camp, in order to make a big push on the enemy before they could get entrenched in the gullies around the villages of Susan and Curlew.

I said to him, "Things are only middling around here."

"Yes," he replied, "Jerry (a familiar term used by the British soldiers in speaking of the enemy) makes a mess of places he happens to get into. He has done some mischief here right enough. Come along with me, I will show you some of his tricks."

Going off the street behind some houses into a flat piece of vacant ground, he said, "You see that dead Jerry there, with a red board in the ground beside him? That red board is put there as a signal for danger. We are told not to bury him, as he is tied to a bomb, and on the slightest movement, the bomb will go off and it might be connected with a mine, so we leave him there. Jerry is up to all sorts of tricks. At a cross road near Bapaume, he tied a live cat to a cross and a soldier went to let the cat loose trod on a bomb; the soldier, the cat and the cross were blown into eternity. That was a clever trick they played at Mons when they put an Angel in the sky."

"What was that," I enquired.

"Why, they worked a picture of an Angel through cinematograph machine, and it appeared in the clouds, just at a time when the two parties were in a heavy fight. It frightened our men for a while, but it frightened the German soldiers more than our men. They did not tumble to the trick as quick as our men, and this gave our men a great advantage, as they opened fire on them while they were looking at the Angel and succeeded in driving them back some distance. You see Jerry did not tell his men what he was going to do before hand, so that trick worked against them."

I said, "Out in Australia they read in the papers about the Angel appearing in the sky and many believe it was a real Angel."

He laughed and said, "They want to be here to know all Jerry's tricks."

We then went on a little further and entered a church yard. The church, like most other churches in France, had been a very substantial building, but it was now in ruins. On the walls inside some images and crosses were still visible. They had not been broken. It was a remarkable incident that through all the destroyed churches the crosses and images were seldom touched; the shells hit all around them. This has been remarked upon by lecturers who have been all over the battlefields of France. In the church ground were a large number of graves with tombstones on them, most of which had been either broken in pieces or knocked down.

"Have a look into these vaults," said my comrade.

"See the heap of bones lying in the bottom? Those are the skeletons of people that were buried in leaden coffins and Jerry broke them open in order to get the lead to make bullets. These other graves not touched are

probably people buried in wooden coffins. Wood would be no good to him, so he only took those of lead. He would know by the reading on the stone what the coffin was made of."

The vault we looked into was a brick one with shelves in the walls on either side. There were six shelves on each side. Probably twelve persons were emptied out of that particular vault. I saw the same thing at Doingt, near Paronne, some time afterwards where several graves had been opened up for the same purpose. This act of vandalism France will never forget and never forgive. After leaving the village I walked a mile further on and in a gully between Sailly Le Sec and Sailly Laurette, I found the Battalion or what was left of them, the Hesholn men having a rest, the others had gone out to Bray. I heard that several thousand prisoners had been taken during the three previous days; slept in a dugout at night, bombs were dropped not far off, the mules in the lines escaping, as that was the object of the bombs being dropped to kill the mules. For a few days I assisted to build up embankments around the mules, and had an opportunity of seeing the wide field of trenches going in all directions. The large burial ground of British and Australian soldiers told a tale in itself of the heavy fighting that took place around that part. While there the news reached us that the men who accompanied me to France had hopped over and captured a lot of prisoners, several being killed. During the few days there I visited the town of Corbie. It was partly knocked down; the enemy did not succeed in entering it, but retreated by Villiers Brettoneaux, where the Australians succeeded in finally stopping their big push. After that there was a gradual driving back until they got to the Hindenberg line, where the Armistice was signed. On Monday evening, at 6 p.m., August 26th, with full packs up we shifted six miles to a village called Etinehem, passing through Chippilly on the way. The following morning I was sent with another man in a limbo drawn by two horses with telephone wire to a dressing station five miles on towards the firing line, which was reached in safety, meeting different lots of prisoners on the way. They were being brought into Etinehem in charge of a guard from which place they were sent to their respective camps. At the dressing station there were two Australians lying dead, several wounded, and about 100 prisoners. After leaving the load and returning back, a heavy bombardment of shells commenced to fall. The man driving the horses was riding one and sending them at full gallop across a field covered with shell holes. The ride was not by any means a pleasant one, as I had all I could do to stick in the limbo—it went first one wheel then the other into the holes, and the shells cracked all around us, but none hit the limbo. After about two miles of a gallop we got into a road and was out of their reach. We came back to the camp where I spent two days building up walls of sods to protect the mules. The second day a number of shells fell close to us, but no one was hit. The following day the men shifted to the front. I remained behind with another man to look after the packs for five days. The nights were very exciting as aeroplanes dropped bombs all around for several hours, guns being fired at them by aid of searchlights. One evening two of them were brought down in the space of half an hour; all that could be seen was a flame of light. They were some distance off, but we were safe being in a cellar of a house.

While there the news reached us that Paronne and Bullecourt had been taken by the Allies and that 3,000 prisoners had been captured in two days; also that Camel and Mont St. Quentin had been taken and that 50,000 prisoners had been captured during the month by the British; also that the Australians had broken up the Prussian Guard. On Tuesday night, September 3rd, we left with the packs in a motor waggon, reaching Curlew at 2 a.m. next morning. There was a strong smell of gas there. The whole village was in ruins except some huts the enemy had camped in. Before leaving Etinehem, Sergeant Thompson, who had charge of the motor waggon handed us a bottle of eucalyptus to dip our handkerchiefs in, remarking, "You will want to use them going through Bray, as the dead Fritz's are fairly strong there." His words proved true. The handkerchiefs were used there and for some distance further on. The following day, after seeing an ambulance waggon captured from the enemy by No. 6 Platoon, B Company, 41st Battalion, I joined the Battalion camped in a gully two miles further on. The following evening, September 5th, marched out of camp at 4 p.m., having supper on the road at 6 p.m., the cooker with the food cooking in it accompanying us. The whole of the Third Division was on the march that night. We camped near Mont St. Quentin for a few hours, having breakfast at 4 a.m. the following morning, when the march was continued for some miles further on, near the ruined village of Brasna. We camped here all day, in the evening reached Lincome 11 p.m., camped until 4 a.m. next day, when we marched towards Roseal. After walking four miles we reached a gully where the big guns were firing on the enemy who were located about one mile further on. An advance was made by several of the columns under the barage into the village. The headquarters to which I was attached made a move at 10 a.m. When we reached the village abovenamed, the enemy had retreated to trenches about two miles, but before leaving had set fire to every building, including the railway station, railway trucks, sleepers and everything that would burn. As we came near, a heavy fire of shells, wiz-bangs, and machine gun bullets fell around us, but only one man was hit, and he was carried off by the stretcher bearers. We hurried on and reached our objective about one mile past the village, passing several wounded Germans on the way. They had been shot by the men ahead of us. We got into a trench and lying down, listened for some hours to the shells and bullets whizzing over us. Some hit close to the trench sending dirt over us, but luckily none landed in the trench. While there a sergeant and corporal of our company and a private (that had come over on the boat with me) were carried into us dead. When the firing ceased we burried them on the bank alongside, putting a cross with the name and number on it. We then advanced some distance and remained entrenched until 2 a.m. next morning, when a relief party arrived and took our place. We marched back five miles under shell fire to a camp near Ancore, where the cooks were camped; had breakfast, remained there until the following morning—Monday, September 9th—when we marched four miles to a camp at Doingt, near the town of Paronne on the Somme River, where we remained until Friday, September 22nd, doing fatigue work. While there several reinforcements of the 41st Battalion arrived, the 42nd Battalion being broken up and joined on to the 41st. A large hospital of tents were

erected and wounded men, both British and Germans, were brought in daily, many died of their wounds and a large garveyard was made close by. In two weeks 150 men died in the hospital; they were buried 15 in a trench, 10 trenches being made side by side. Every night bombs were dropped around the camp from aeroplanes, but nothing happened, as the guns were always firing at them, and several were brought down in flames. Route marches took place once a week, twelve miles being the distance marched, the cooker accompanying them to give them dinner. The news that reached us while there was as follows: 250,000 prisoners and 2,000 guns, captured from July 21st to September 1st (dead not counted); 1,700 prisoners taken from 1st to 9th of September. September 13th, Americans and French capturpd 10,000 prisoners two miles from St. Quentin. Prisoners taken from August 10th to September 10th: 36,815, including 8.466 officers. British army captured 22,350 prisoners from 1st to 14th September. On September 14th, Mr. W. M. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, visited Paronne, where he received a good reception. In addressing the men, he said: "By the most brilliant generalship and gallantry of men, you have seized Mont St. Quentin, which dominated Paronne, and captured prisoners amounting to 1,000." On September 17 the French and Americans captured 600 prisoners, 200 guns, 220 trench mortars, 250 machine guns, and two kitchens. September 18th, French and Serbian troops broke into the Bulgar's position to the depth of seven kilometres, taking 4,000 prisoners and 30 guns. On 19th September the Australian Corps attacked the Hindenburg line on their whole sector and gained their objectives, capturing 2,910 men, 120 officers, seven heavy guns and 20 field guns. September 20th the British captured 6,000 prisoners on a 22-mile front on both sides of St. Quentin, the March lines being passed. That day 100 prisoners were taken away from the cages at Paronne and several thousand more brought in. The number that passed through the cages from 18th to 21st September was 7,164, and from August 8th to 21st September, 44,234. September 24th, 25,000 prisoners were taken in Palestine with a lot of guns and transports and the Turks surrounded at Syria. September 25th a big victory in Bulgaria and Turkey, troops on road to Damascus; great victory by French and Serbians in Bulgaria on a 90-mile front; enormous booty captured. On Friday, September 27th left camp at 7.30 p.m., walked eight miles to a gully near Merricourt, stayed the night in dugout, camped all the next day, a wet day. Some shells burst around the camp but no one was hurt. Six guns were firing 4½lb. shells into the enemy's lines all day, the noise of these guns being terrifying. We were told during the day that a march for the front line would take place at 6 a.m. the following morning, Sunday 29th. At daylight the following morning a heavy barrage took place at the front. Those in advance of us had hopped over. The noise of this barrage was indescribable. It could be likened to the bursting of a hundred thunderstorms with sheet lightning flashing in between. It lasted for two hours, and at 6 a.m., after having breakfast, we marched to the front, a distance of four miles, carrying our rifles loaded with six cartridges and 120 in our belts, a gas mask and steel helmet as well. Shells came bursting around us as we approached the line. On coming into the lines the first sight that we beheld was a number of American soldiers lying dead, some in heaps of ten and twelve.

They had failed to mop-up after driving the enemy back. Mopping up means that when you drive the enemy out of the trench they are in, you should bomb any dugouts there may be, in order to bring out any men that may be secreted there. The Americans had not done this, but hurried on after the enemy, the result being that those in the dugouts came out and fired at them from behind, killing them in numbers. The Americans formed squares and fought both ways, but the odds being so strong against them, they had suffered heavily. It was a sad sight to see so many young fellows killed under such circumstances, the majority being boys from the New England State, descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. But later on when the same circumstances occurred they were prepared. They bombed every dugout within their reach, and when the Germans came out asking for mercy they got but little, using their familiar expression, which cannot be printed, they shot them down as fast as their rifles would work. They took very few prisoners after their first experience at the Hindenburg line and no one can blame them for doing as they did. Revenge for their dead comrades killed under such cowardly circumstances was all that filled their minds. After passing through several lines of zig-zag trenches we reached our objective, and getting into a large dugout with some others, we were safe from the shell fire that was pouring over the trenches and in them. The Hindenburg line was a net work of trenches, stretching for miles all around. In one dugout that the Germans had been shifted from was a keg of wine left; the soldiers approached it carefully, being suspicious that it might be poisoned. At last one Australian soldier said, here goes, I would as soon die from poison as bullets. Taking a panican full, drank it. It's just the thing, he replied, and not dying. It was not long before the wine disappeared. After spending three days and nights in the front line, advancing close to the village of Boney, killing and taking a number of prisoners, many of our company being killed, wounded, and gassed, we came out being bombed by aeroplanes, on the way reaching a camp on the Paronne road late on the evening of October 2nd, where we camped until the 5th, when we left by train for Walrus, many miles outside the war area. While camped here for three days, the news reached us that Passchendale, with 25,000 prisoners, had been taken; that Bulgaria had surrendered; that Metz had fallen, Hills Cambrai and Armentiere taken, Ostend taken by marines; that Boney had been captured. A lot of Americans came here from the front line. British soldiers took our places in the lines, as all Australians came out to have a rest for one month. On Saturday, October 5th, we came into the village of Walrus at night, having walked from the town of Airaines, 5 miles off, where we travelled to by train. Heard that Turkey had suffered a big defeat in Southern Palestine, 60,000 prisoners taken; that Damascus had fallen, 7,000 prisoners taken; that the Kaiser's cry was in despair, gather round me men; also that Turkey had surrendered; that Austria and Germany had asked for eleven days to consider an armistice. We stayed in the village of Walrus from October 6th to December 1st, during which time Austria surrendered and Germany signed armistice at 5 a.m. Monday, November 11th. The two months spent at Walrus was taken up by drill, fatigue work, marches and lectures, evenings being spent at the Y.M.C.A. where lectures and moving picture shows took place. Papers were also in use and books. Cocoa served out day and night, given by the Comfort

Funds. A day was given the men to visit Abberville, a town of some size and importance on the Somme River. This town is noted for a great battle was fought between the English and French in the year 1415 when Henry 5th gained a great victory over the French at a village three miles away called Agincourt, where 10,000 French were slain and 14,000 taken prisoners. There are some fine streets in Abberville and fine buildings, some magnificent statues and pretty gardens. The news that reached us while there was that 90,000 prisoners had been taken by the Allies from September 15th to October 15th, including 1,600 officers, 5 generals, 2,000 guns, 537 planes, and the British since September 1st to October 15th dropped 667 tons of bombs behind the enemy's lines, 59 balloons destroyed in 50 days, that America was sending 250,000 men a month to France; capture by Allies from July 15th to September 30th, 254,012 men, 3,669 guns. British Army had captured from August 1st to September 30th, 123,618 men and 1,400 guns; the British two miles from Tournall, 2,000 prisoners. One thousand five hundred German prisoners cut off by Belgian troops interned at Eoclos, Holland. The Belgians captured a hill, 820 feet high, gallant bayonet fighting taking place. British captured 9000 prisoners in two days, Americans capture 45 villages between September 26th and October 26th, covering 475 kilometres, including Narrens where King Louis 16th and wife escaped to and were captured during the revolution. French two miles through the Hindenburg line; Americans took 20,000 prisoners in four weeks' hard fighting; October 30th the Allies brought down 60 German aeroplanes, 16,000 prisoners captured. In the town of Tamines in the early days of the war seven French soldiers defended the passage of the Sombre, and in revenge the Germans killed with machine guns 561 men over 13 years of age in front of the church of St. Martin's Square. A lieutenant directed the massacre. Afterwards they sacked and burnt 874 houses. On Monday, October 28th, the Tenth Army of the Allies took 4,000 prisoners. French airmen 70 miles over Hun lines brought down 66 planes and took 1,350 photographs. Italians took 50,000 prisoners in the great victory over the Austrians, and from May 24th, 1915, to November 5th, 1918, the French dropped 65 tons of bombs. In France and Flanders there are 1,000 cemeteries containing 450,000 graves of fallen soldiers. During the first week of December we shifted out of Walrus eight miles to a village called Dudelmville, a dirty, wet place, situated in a hollow where we remained until after Christmas. The Company then shifted to St. Maxum, but I left on December 15th for Harfluer, where I remained a week, then went across the Channel to Southampton, arriving Christmas Day, and on to Weymouth that evening. At Dudelmville the life was similar to that at Walrus, drill and fatigue work, while there I met Daniel Maher, a private from Queensland. He was batman for the Adjutant, Captain Pickering, at Headquarters. Being a young man it was very noticeable to see his hair quite white, and on enquiring the reason why, he said I was at Armetiers Christmas Eve, 1916, when a shell hit the trench I was in, 15 of my mates were killed, Major Sneddon who was in charge was wounded. My hair, which was black, turned white in two days; I was 25 years of age at the time. Posted on the door of the Company Orderly Room was the following allocution delivered on the 4th of

November, by the Bishop of Amiens, in the Church of Long (Somme) in memory of Australian officers and men fallen on the battlefields:—

"Generals, officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the First Australian Division: Following the words dropped a few minutes ago from the pulpit of Truth, and ignoring your beautiful language, I should keep silent, but if I gave no utterance to my thoughts as this impressive ceremony is nearing its end, I would fail in fulfilment of a triple duty which my conscience dictates to me. That of prayer, that of gratification, that of admiration, duty of prayer for your numerous dead resting in peace in my land of Picardy, and on the borders of the Somme, duty of gratefulness, for the liberation of my diocese delivered from the enemy's yoke, duty of admiration for your heroism which has placed you in the foremost ranks amongst the bravest in this unique war. Together we have prayed for your dead, and their immortal souls have appeared before you who have judged them. As our human praise expires on the brink of their tombs, we are powerless to grant them the glory which they have a right to. For that reason we supplicate the Lord in offering Him the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, to give them a reward worthy of their immolation. May He make them perfectly saintly and beautiful that they may have a right, one and all without delay to an Eternal Crown and a glorious immortality. As Bishop of Amiens, I owe you and your illustrious dead my heartfelt thanks, because the land of my Diocese has been your field of battle and you have delivered it by the sacrifice of your blood. During the painful days of the invasion, you made a living rampart of your breasts behind which you shielded and saved the last shreds of my territory. Later, when victory began at last to smile upon our armies, the Australian army distinguished itself by the audacity of its attacks, by its utter disregard of death, by its doggedness, as well as by the rapidity of its advances. In the names of my clergy and my people, I offer you our heartfelt gratitude and admiration. Gentlemen, your dead were great and amongst the most illustrious, because they obeyed the highest inspirations. Why did you leave your far away Australia? Because of your sentiments of loyalty towards the British Empire, whose banner has protected the birth and development of your country, its existence, its economic future, its civilisation, for those who were in jeopardy, as well as the destinies of France. It was necessary to snatch from German military violence the hegemony of the world. For that reason you left your shores and crossed oceans, for the honour of your country and its future. It takes blood to cement the foundations of a country, and you could not refuse it in this world war to the cause of Christianity. You have indeed lavished it with a saintly generosity and in so doing have written a most glorious page in the history of Australia. On the fields of battle, far away from your homes, the love for your country became stronger in your hearts. Children, who during the coming centuries will grow up in your homes and schools will learn through your great deeds ,the lesson of patriotism. Allow me to add that they will not be able to pronounce your names without having to speak of the towns, villages, tablelands, ridges and valleys of the Somme, where you have gathered the laurels of immortality. Indissoluble links unite our two nations; a link of prayer because we will piously keep the tombs of your heroes; a link of friendship because the freedom of my Diocese has cost you so much blood; a

link of mutual admiration, because the hearts of our soldiers, Australian and French, are both imbued with the same love, with the same enthusiasm for the saintly cause whose final triumph will assure the future and the development of our two countries under the eyes of God, who has blessed our arms."

ENGLAND.

I left Southampton at 2 p.m. for Weymouth after having Christmas dinner at the Y.M.C.A. On the way we passed through the new forest in Hampshire, an immense forest of various sorts of trees. William the Conqueror in the year 1070 destroyed sixty villages, drove the people out of them to find a living as best they could, and laid down the large forest, principally for hunting. To-day it is used for grazing and firewood purposes. There is a large town called Bournemouth in one part of it, facing the English Channel, which is a great summer resort for tourists, where they have the sea on one side and the forest on the other. Reaching Weymouth at 5 p.m. we had supper of boiled ham, beetroot, etc. I stayed at Weymouth until March 27th, when I left for Sutton Veney, having had an interval of three weeks there during the three months which I spent at Tidworth. I also spent several holidays at Devonshire, London, and Scotland. Weymouth is a fairly large town, on Weymouth Bay, on the English Channel, and is commonly likened to the Bay of Naples, by reason of its strinkingly graceful conformation. It is without rival on the South Coast. Weymouth consists of a long sea frontage, with short streets running inland, as far as the backwater, consequently no part of the town is far from the sea. Its fame is due to its situation only, and not to any architectural achievements, for it has scarcely any building calling for description. It made great progress during the reign of George 3rd. The King used to come and stay there during the summer months, consequently others followed in his footsteps and it became a fashionable watering place. There is a fine statue of the King erected by the inhabitants in 1809 to commemorate his 50 year jubilee, and, as a memorial to future ages of the virtues of the monarch. Between the years 1789 and 1805 it was much honoured by Royal visitors to Gloucester Lodge, now the Gloucester Hotel. The King had long interviews with Pitt and Sir Thomas Hardy, Nelson's flag captain, six weeks before the battle of Trafalgar. One place of interest there is the workhouse. I went all through this institution, and found that the reports as told by people from the old country in Australia was altogether incorrect, as the people there are well fed, well clothed, and on the whole well looked after. The orphan children, in addition to the above, get a good schooling and appear happy. The soldiers' camp is situated on rising ground at one end of the town, where there is a fine hospital. About four miles further along the Channel is the town of Portland, called the Gibraltar of Wessen. It was from this port the navy sailed out fully manned and fully provisioned three days after Germany entered Belgium, under sealed orders which, when broken, said go into the North Sea and stop the German navy from coming out. When there I saw a German submarine in the

harbour that had been captured in the Channel. There is an old ruined castle on the way from Weymouth to Portland, called the Sandsfoot Castle. It was built in the year 1539 by Henry 8th, as a scheme of defence against invasion. At one time a moat surrounded the Castle. It was captured and recaptured on several occasions during the Civil War, and for some years Weymouth was taxed to the extent of £30 a month to maintain the garrison there. A little further on is the village of Wyke Regis and is situated on a ridge overlooking the Channel. Off this ridge many vessels have been wrecked and one grave in the cemetery contains 200 bodies from the vessel Aberguvenny, commanded by Captain Wordsworth, brother of the poet. This wreck took place in the year 1805, when four hundred persons were drowned and £70,000 worth of specie lost. The church in the burial ground is one of the finest in the district, with a splendid tower forming a prominent land and sea mark. It is the mother church of Weymouth. Eight miles from Weymouth, in another direction, is the old town of Dorchester. On the way you pass through the village of Upwey, in a prettily wooded valley. At the far end is the famous wishing well by the church. This well is surrounded and completely shaded by trees, and it is customary for visitors when tasting the water to express a wish for something they desire, an old custom that has prevailed for centuries. From Upwey you travel along an old Roman road until you reach Dorchester, a grand old country town, and the streets here are clean and well kept, and the houses exhibit varying degrees of antiquity. The series of avenues known as the walks distinguish it from every other place in England. Trees have been planted around the town in regular lines, and meeting overhead, form continuous tunnels of foliage. In the west walk there is the remains of an old Roman wall. Maumsbury Rings is a huge oval grassy mound, carved like a horseshoe, situated in the centre of which is the old amphitheatre estimated to have held at one time 10,000 spectators. It dates back to Roman days and its history is read by means of a series of deep cuttings revealed beneath the surface soil, where there is the chalk floor of the amphitheatre, and below this again is the existence of a pre-historic workshop of the stone age. Up to the end of the eighteenth century it was the Tyburn of Dorset. The last person to suffer the extreme penalty in the year 1705 was strangled and burned on evidence that afterwards proved to be incorrect. I thought of old England; I thought of her justice; and I thought of her injustice, too. St. Peter's Church, a fine building with hideous figures of animals along its walls, dates back to the fifteenth century. The tower is supported by a lofty arch and among the interesting tombs is that of Denzie Holles, who was one of the five members of the House of Commons accused by King Charles 1st of high treason and one whom the King came personally to the House to arrest. The Museum includes a large number of collections of curios from all parts of the world, and is especially rich in fossils, the most of which have been unearthed in Dorset. There are several skulls of ancient Britons found in the barrows at Stonehenge. Opposite the Museum are Judge Jeffrey's lodgings, a house, now a shop, which was occupied by this inhuman monster in 1685 when he held his bloody Assize after the Monmouth rebellion in the reign of James 2nd. A board hanging from it states, that under Tradition this was the judge's lodgings when he held the

bloody assize 3rd to 8th of September, 1685. The old house where his hangman lived is still to be seen on the bank of the Frome River with stone walls and thatch roofs. The Gallows Hill is further on. It is stated the judge took his seat against a wall and watched the victims hanging. Some hundreds were being hung, their heads cut off and stuck on church steeples and street corners; several hundred were sold as salves to the West Indies. The Duke of Monmouth was beheaded and buried in the Tower, and four years later Jeffries was buried alongside of him, having died before his trial came off. Among those who took part—and was a prominent figure, too—in the rebellion was a young man named Daniel Defoe, a native of Weymouth, who escaped to the North of England to the city of Leeds, and writing of that city some time afterwards he described everything there as being in a prosperous condition, and he made a comparison between the North and the South of England. This caused a lot of people to migrate from the South to the North and that accounts to a considerable degree, for larger manufacturing cities in the North than in the South. Defoe, after spending some time in the North of England, got into Scotland and while there made the acquaintance of Alex Silkirk, a man who had spent four years on a lonely island called Juan Fernandez, south of South America, who told him of his adventures during the time he was on the island. When things were righted Defoe came back to London, and from Silkirk's description of his life on the island wrote the world-wide book "Robinson Crusoe." There is an Alms house in which some old men who are not able to work are kept by the Napier family. One old man I interviewed was a Crimean soldier of the years 1854, 1855, 1856. He was very interesting, and showed me a little book he had written of his experience while there. Here are two verses of his poetry which are worth recording:—

Ye workmen of old England then busy at your benches,
How little did you know of we poor devils in the trenches.

The other ran—

When danger and war are nigh,
God and the soldier is all the cry,
When war is over and all things righted,
God is forgotten and the soldier slighted.

This man got 1s. a day pension after a period of twenty years.

Another town of importance a little further on is that of Youvell, with several fine streets and avenues, has a glove factory that employs 12,000 hands; also a large cheese factory, as dairying is carried on to a great extent. There is also an aeroplane factory. The next town of importance is Taunton and on the road between Youvell and Taunton are several villages, one called Athelney. A story is told of Alfred the Great when hiding from the Danes he was employed by a herdsman's wife to bake some cakes, but let them burn. The old woman not knowing who the King was, boxed his ears. The village of Athelney is built on this particular spot, which was in Alfred's days a Saxon camp. Taunton, the capital of Somersershire, is o nthe River Tone; population 20,000. Like Youvell, it has manufacturing establishments. Four miles further on is

the town of Wellington. A large estate once owned by the Duke is close by and on top of a hill is a fine monument erected in memory of the Duke. Six miles further on is Tiverton on the Exe River, which has a population of 10,000 people, with some nice streets and gardens. Peter Blundel's old school, now a private house, is still in existence. A good description of this town is to be found in a book called "Lorna Doon," written by Richard Doddridge Blackmore, M.A. (Barrister, Middle Temple, 1852). An old Alms House still exists, also a fine statue of King Edward 7th, the peace-maker. The next place is the city of Exeter, some six miles further on. Half-way between Tiverton and Exeter, a few miles to the east, is the village of Crediton and near same is the fine estate of Sir Redvers Buller whose remains lay in the Crediton cemetery. Exeter is a cathedral city, the present Bishop being Lord Cecil, brother of the present Marquis of Salisbury, the population being 63,000. A magnificent statue of Sir Redvers Buller on horseback is to be seen in the centre of the city, surrounded by a small green garden. It reads: "V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., erected by his countrymen at home and beyond the seas, 1905, a soldier from 1859 to 1900, India, China, Canada, Ashantie, Egypt, Soudan, South Africa, where he saved Natal." There is a very fine museum and the Guild Hall is a fine building with some paintings worth £30,000, one particularly interesting one of Princess Henrietta, daughter of Charles 1st, born in Exeter while the Civil War was on. While in camp at Weymouth, I went to an educational school at Tidworth. Tidworth is a permanent camp, the buildings being of brick and at the time I was there it was the headquarters of the Australian Army. The Light Horse were there housed in splendid stables. The school was a very interesting one, debates and lectures taking place on all kinds of subjects. The scholars were asked to write on the problem of repatriation for returned soldiers in Australia. I contributed the following, which was classed "A", typed, and sent to London, where it appeared in the Government journals, the "Anzac Bulletin," the "Australians at Weymouth," and shown on films in the moving picture show at the Colosseum, Trafalgar Square:—

PROBLEMS OF REPATRIATION.

"As the larger proportion of "Diggers" are men who before they enlisted were engaged as farmers, or were the sons of farmers, or were men who had been employed on manual labour all their lives, it is only natural to assume that they will want to go back to the class of work which they are used to. I think it would be only right if the Government found them a block of land, suitable for their requirements, such as sheep-farming, dairying, poultry farming, fruit-growing, etc., and also advanced them a sum of money to make a good start, such sum to be repaid in instalments. Where these properties are some distance from the markets a railway should be provided, so as to get the produce to market. By so doing the country would be opened up. 'The Diggers should not be pioneers.'

As to labourers, certainly the Public Works departments should give preference, and similarly all Government departments should give preference

to returned soldiers for clerical work, whilst those not suited for such could be employed as ticket clerks, porters, caretakers, etc.

Tradesmen, too, should have preference over those who have not enlisted.

With regard to invalids, a pension sufficient to maintain their wives and families, besides any money they earn by light labour, should be theirs also. Widows and families of fallen soldiers should receive like treatment.

No country in the world presents a better prospect for settlement of soldiers than the States of Australia, where the climate is suitable for every kind of farming and industry, and where a great deal more manufacturing can and will be done in the future."

One Sunday, while at Tidworth, in company with three other men, I walked to Stonehenge, ten miles distant. At 1 p.m. we reached a village called Amesbury, on the Avon River, where we had dinner. After dinner we continued our walk, leaving Lark Hill to our right and reached Stonehenge, where we saw a stockyard of stones. The uprights are twenty feet high and weigh about ten tons; the ones across the top are about three tons in weight. They are supposed to have been built about the year 2000 B.C. by a race of people, who worshipped the sun and every opening faces the rising sun at the different periods of the year. Stonehenge is probably the latest, and is certainly the most elaborate, stone circle in England, and it is the only one in which the stones are squared, dressed, and provided with lintels or imposts. It is the only circular which contains a horseshoe arrangement of stones. Stonehenge consists of a circular earthwork 300 feet in diameter, a ring of seven Sarsen stones, with imposts or lintels mortised to them. The lintels are fitted together with toggle joints; the diameter of the outer circle of stones is 108 feet or almost exactly that of the internal diameter of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. The entire work was performed with stone tools of the roughest description, weighing from half a pound to sixty pounds. The larger stones were found in England, but the smaller ones came from either France, Ireland or Brittany, as no species of the same stone can be found in England, Scotland or Wales. A large slab stone lying in the centre of the circle is called the slaughtering stone on which victims were slaughtered at the rising of the sun on June 21st, the longest day in the year. This stone faces the June opening. There have been two falls of stones, one in the year 1620 and one in 1797. It is impossible to approach Stonehenge without passing numbers of burial mounds or barrows; all around you they meet the eye. In the immediate neighbourhood of Stonehenge there are two long barrows and three hundred round ones; one-fourth of the barrows of Wiltshire are to be found within a short distance of the Altarstone of Stonehenge. The long barrows contain the remains of a race of people earlier than the round ones, and they vary from two to four hundred feet in length, thirty to fifty feet in breadth, and from three to twelve feet in height, the earth being dug out of a trench on either side. There are seven round barrows close to Stonehenge one hundred feet in circumference and about twenty feet high. Probably they were much higher when put there. The body was laid on the ground and the earth piled over it. These barrows are to be found all over the South of England, but Salisbury Plain

seems to have been a favourite burial spot. After spending two hours examining the wonders of this ancient temple of worship, we walked back to Tidworth, passing barrows here and there all the way.

At the end of three weeks we returned to camp, after four day's holiday, and not having had Christmas holiday I had that put on to the four days, making twelve in all, and spent the time in London and Scotland, which I will refer to later on. I was four times in London, one time seven days, one three, one two, and one six days. London is a series of cities within a city, the largest, wealthiest, and most commercial city in the world. It might be said to be the centre of the world, as all markets of the world are regulated in that city. The old city of London is one mile square. It is still the corporate city of London, bounded on the north by Margate, south by the Thames River, east by Angate, and the west, Temple Bar. Westminster is a much larger city than London and so are several other of the Greater London cities. The first information we get regarding this city was in the year 61 A.D., when the British Queen Boadicea of the Iceni, which was the inhabitants of Norfolk and Suffolk attacked London and burnt it, killing 70,000 Romans and strangers. It was even then a flourishing commercial town. Sixteen centuries have passed away since the Romans left England, but their presence haunts it still. The Roman wall which they built still exists, some fifteen feet underground, and defines the limits of the one square mile, the city over which the Lord Mayor presides. Greater London to-day comprises all Middlesex, and parts of Kent, Sussex and Essex. It is nearly 1,700 square miles in extent, with 7,000 miles streets, one million inhabited houses, and a population of nearly eight million people, which is continually increasing, and contributes to the Imperial revenue £25,000,000 per annum. At the end of Wallbrook opposite Cannon street station, is the London stone, the Roman Millennium, which marked the centre of the Roman citadel and from which all the distances on the great highways were measured. The stone is now placed in the wall of St. Swithen's Church, and protected by an iron grille. It is an ordinary sandstone, about 2 feet square. The city does not strike one as an elegant city, there being no verandahs over the footpaths, which in some parts are fairly narrow. The buildings are not of a great height, but are very substantial. It is when one gets into the old historic buildings and learns their history that the greatness of this city dawns upon his mind and when he sees the network of underground railways carrying as it does one and a-half million (equal to the popoulation of the city of Glasgow or the State of Victoria) people day and night, he fully realises then that no other city in the world compares with it. My first visit to London was on Thursday, June 13th, 1918, with a number of others. We left Fovant camp 9 a.m., reaching London at Waterloo station 2 p.m.; took up quarters at the War Chest Club in Horseferry road, at that time in charge of Mrs. Samuels, of Sydney, New South Wales. She was in charge of the Anzac Buffet at Cairo for some time. There were at the War Chest Club 20 tables and 10 sat each side, 200 dining at one time, with two waitresses at each table. The average number of meals served in a day was 5000, and some days there were as many as 6000 meals served out, forty men and 20 women being employed. All meals and beds were 1s. About four hundred beds in the dormitories, everything being clean and well attend-

ed to. This establishment was for Australian soldiers only. The Anzac Buffet in Victoria street was free to all Australian and New Zealand soldiers, tea, sandwiches and cakes were provided to the extent of two or three supplies, the money for the eatables of this buffet coming from Australia and New Zealand. ,During 1917 Miss Ada Reeve collected from the people of Australia and New Zealand over £14,000 in aid of it. The honorary superintendent was Mrs. Alan Rattigan, and she had with her a body of voluntary helpers, who were to be found at their posts despite weather, epidemics, or tube strikes. Many were connected with it since its inception. After dinner at the War Chest we were driven out to see the sights of London, a guide going with us. The first place of interest was Westminster Abbey, which is not far from the War Chest Club. It is open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. in summer, and 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. in winter. On entering this Abbey from the west door, beneath the towers facing Victoria street, it is impossible to express in words the beauty that this old Abbey inspires. The glorious columns arise majestic and full of grace, deep-stained by age to the colour of old ivory, and branching out across the distant roof, seem to bend over us in benediction. Here, surrounded by generations of poets, statesmen and warriors, sleep fourteen monarchs of England, beginning with Saxon Herbert (A.D. 616), and ending with George 2nd, and fourteen Queens, including resolute Elizabeth, and beautiful, but ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots. This building as we see it to-day is the growth of centuries, its main portion being the work of King Henry 3rd, but the older portion was the work of King Edward the Confessor. It is, therefore, not the work of one generation, but of five centuries, as it was not finished until the reign of Henry 7th. Edmund Burke said "The moment he entered Westminster Abbey he felt a kind of awe pervade his mind which he could not describe; the very silence seemed sacred. Woodsworth said, "They dreamed not of a perishable home who could thus build." Macaulay called it "the great temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried." Sir Walter Scott said—

"Here, where the end of earthly things
Lay—heroes, patriots, bards and kings;
Where stiff the hand and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke and sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong the distant notes
Of holy song as if some Angel spoke again,
'All peace on earth, goodwill to men'—
If ever from an English heart,
Oh, here let prejudice depart."

Passing through the transcript, and turning to the right, you make your way to the great doors at the west end of the Nave. There you stand beneath the statue of William Pitt, the younger, with his arm outstretched in defiance of the enemies of England, and turning eastward you get some clear notion of the general form and separate portions of the building, whose soaring roof you see dimly and mysteriously stretching out before you. On the floor beneath your feet are the graves of eminent men, some in the passage, others under the seats of the chapel, others in corners by themselves. The first grave that you see in the passage between the seats, is that of the two Pitts. There is a significance about this grave

that makes it different from any other grave, and it lays in the fact that while there may be graves containing the remains of men as great as the Pitts, there is no dual grave in the world, that contains such a father and such a son, there is no sepulchre that embosoms the remains of so much human excellence and glory. There is a large massive monument erected near this grave to the memory of Pitt, the elder, Earl of Chatham. It is 33 feet high, and cost £6,000. The sculptor, John Bacon, was also the author of the inscription which reads: "William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, Prime Minister and Secretary of State (1755); created Peer 1766. He exalted England to a height of glory, purity and prosperity unknown to any former age." A little way off is the statue of his son Pitt, the younger, and along side is the grave and statue of his great rival, Charles Fox, and further on is the grave of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. A fine statue of Mr. Gladstone stands alongside, and right opposite is the statue of his rival and far superior Statesman Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. His body lies at Hughenden on an estate now in possession of the descendants of Sir Samuel Wilson. Further along is the grave of Lord and Lady Palmerston. A fine statue of Lord Palmerston is alongside the grave, and right opposite is the statue, but not the grave of Sir Robert Peel—his body lies in a county church yard at Drayton. Sir Isaac Newton, the great philosopher, lies to the left of the entrance of the choir. His monument bears the words:—

"Nature and Nature's laws lie hid in night,
God said let Newton be, and there was light."

Proceeding on, you come to the grave of Dr. Livingstone, the South African explorer. His body was carried 800 miles by faithful blacks to Zamzaba. Next is the grave of William Wilberforce, M.P. for York; he died three days after getting the Act passed through Parliament which set eight hundred thousand slaves free in the year 1833. The sum of twenty million pounds was voted to their owners. Next is a grave in which a peasant named Thom Parr rests; his age is given as one hundred and fifty-two years; he saw ten monarchs reign; he sheltered Charles 2nd while he was in exile and when that King came on the Throne he had his body removed from the country cemetery and buried in the Abbey. The poets are buried in a corner of their own, and alongside them lies the remains of Lord Macaulay and Charles Dickens. In the South Aisle are many tombs of Royal blood, the two most elaborate are those of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, right opposite each other, both put there by James 1st. Mary Queen of Scots' son, Charles 2nd is buried close by, but without a monument. He was buried without any manner of pomp and soon forgotten. William 3rd, his wife, May 2nd, and Queen Ann also lie beneath the same pavement and without monuments. Mary's 1st remains lie right under those of Elizabeth and are hid from view. Another corner of interest is that where once lay the remains of Oliver Cromwell, Irton, Bradshaw and Admiral Blake. They were taken up by order of Charles 2nd, dragged to Tyburn, taken out of their coffins, hung up to a gallows, and their heads cut off and stuck on pikes at Westminster Hall. Poor spite for a King, history says, but it was a Stuart King, whose dynasty has long faded away, notwithstanding that Scotland and Ireland made great efforts to restore them and both countries were severely punished—Scotland at Dunbar and Collodden Moore; Ireland at Londonderry and the Boyne River,

near Drogheda. In a chamber are a number of wax figures. It was the custom when a monarch died to take an effigy in wax, dress it in the clothes last worn by the monarch, and this went in front of the funeral and was then placed in the chamber, where it now stands. Elizabeth has a string of white beads around her neck. Charles 2nd has a feather in his hat; Nelson has the same clothes he wore at Trafalgar with the stars and stripes on them. There are hundreds of graves and hundreds of statues of men not buried in the Abbey, which cannot be particularised. The sight of the interior of Westminster Abbey leaves such an impression on a man's mind that he will never forget. The high altar, on which all Kings and Queens are crowned is very elaborate; the coronation chair with the Stone of Destiny fixed into it is behind the high altar, but on coronation day is placed in the front. This stone was centuries ago in Egypt, from there it got to Spain, where it remained some time; from there it got to Ireland, and Irish Kings were crowned upon it; from Ireland it got to Scotland, and the Scottish Kings were crowned upon it at Scone, near Perth; and when Edward 1st conquered a portion of Scotland, in the year 1174, he brought it to England, placed it in the Abbey, and every monarch from his day down to the present King George 5th, has sat on it when being crowned, except Mary 2nd, William 3rd' wife. William sat on the stone, Mary sat on another chair alongside him. The Archbishop of Canterbury placed the present crown on William's head. At the same time the Archbishop of York placed another crown on Mary's head and they reigned as King and Queen over England. Cromwell when Lord Protector sat upon it in Westminster Hall. It was in Edward's 1st reign that a prior lived named Roger Bacon, who achieved great distinction for his genius and writings. These are preserved in the Abbey and in them he says: "That machines might be made to mount into the air, and carriages to go without horses," etc. He was so far ahead of his time, that he was looked upon as one of the wonders of the age. The famous Jerusalem Chamber, is a part of the Abbot's house. It is entered by a flight of steps from the Abbot's courtyard, is panelled on the inside with cedar, and has a splendid cedar mantlepiece and is the only room with a fireplace. It was in this chamber that the Westminster confession was drawn up, and the committee sat for the revision of the Bible. The Abbot had a private way into the Abbey, and a private pew overlooking the nave, both of which still exist. Two doors on the south side of the nave lead to the cloisters and here are buried many of the old Abbots and Monks. On the east side is the Chapter House, a chamber built in 1200 and used from 1282 to 1547 as the meeting place of the House of Commons until the members were accommodated in St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster Palace. This is the reason why the House of Commons is constantly referred to, down to the present day, as meeting at St. Stephen's.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

These Houses are thrown open for inspection for visitors every Saturday from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. and were built in the year 1837 on the site of the old Westminster Palace, which had been used as a Royal residence from Anglo-Saxon times until Henry 8th, when he removed to his new palace at

White Hall. It occupies eight acres of ground, contains 500 rooms, and cost over £3,000,000. Entering the door by the Norman porch, at the foot of the Victoria Tower, and proceeding up the Royal staircase, you enter the King's robing room, where the Ministers of State assemble to greet the sovereign on the occasion of a State opening of Parliament. This room is decorated with scenes from the life of King Arthur, and has a very beautiful fireplace and a handsome ceiling. Passing on to the Royal gallery, where the members of the House of Lords and their friends assemble, you enter a fine hall, 110 feet long, paved with mosaics. The walls of this hall are decorated with beautiful paintings. On the left the Battle of Trafalgar, right opposite on the right the meeting of Wellington and Bleucher on the field of Waterloo. There are also portraits of all the Tudor sovereigns, and in one corner a marble statue of Queen Victoria. From here you enter the House of Lords. Under a gorgeous gilt canopy are the two thrones—that of the Queen being an inch lower than the King's. The colouring of the House is extremely rich and gorgeous, the seats being red Morocco, and the ornamental ironwork and carvings heavily gilded. In the niches around the walls are statues of the knights, and the windows contain portraits of the sovereigns from the time of William the Conqueror. The House of Lords is the highest court of appeal in the country. The Peers corridor leads to the Central Hall, 60 feet in diameter, where are the statues of Lord John Russell, Lord Granville, Lord Idderleigh, and Mr. Gladstone. The Commons corridor leads to the Lobby which is the storm centre in any great political crisis, and thence to the House of Commons. After the magnificance of the House of Lords this building seems insignificant, but appearances are some times deceptive, for it is in this room and its predecessor in the old building that the great struggles for liberty against oppression and intolerance have been fought and won. Leaving this House you enter St. Stephen's Hall, which contains many statues of great parliamentary leaders. They are Lord Clarendon, Hampden, Lord Falkland, Selden, Lord Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Mansfield, Lord Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Burke, and Gratten. The floor is paved with tiling. Inscriptions on brass tablets affixed to the walls of the hall and marks inserted in the floor, indicate the space formerly occupied by the House of Commons within the Chapel, and the sites of the Speaker's chair and the table of the House. I stood on the very spot where Oliver Cromwell stood when he dismissed the long Parliament on April 20th, 1653. Stamping his foot on the floor as a signal for his soldiers to enter, he said: "Get thee hence and make room for honester men," and pointing to the mace, the symbol of authority, he said to a soldier: "Take away that empty bauble." All the members were turned out and the door locked and for the rest of his life he ruled without a Parliament and ruled well. Underneath this hall is the crypt. Considerable interest was excited some years ago, by the discovery of an embalmed body, built into a rough recess in the north-east angle of the crypt, underneath the window sill. It was the body of Stephen Lyndwode, Bishop of St. David's from 1442 to 1446, keeper of the Privy Seal to Henry 7th. His will, which still exists at Lambeth Palace, expresses where his body should be buried. So skillfully was the body embalmed that the features were perfectly distinguishable, and even the skin of the face and lips still soft. It was taken from here and buried in the cloisters of West-

minster Abbey. On coming out to St. Stephen's porch on the right-hand side is the great Westminster Hall of historic interest. Westminster Hall has had its share in all ages, from the year 1224 till the year 1882. The great law courts of England were established there, and it was there that Oliver Cromwell was installed as Lord Protector; and on the spikes of the top of it, a few years later, his skull, along with Ireton and Bradshaw, hung for four years. It was in this hall that Charles 1st sat while his faithful servant Stafford was tried and condemned. A short time afterwards Charles himself was tried and condemned on the very spot where his servant had been tried. The trial and acquittal of the seven Bishops took place in the reign of James 2nd and ended that King's career. The same room witnessed the famous trial of Warren Hastings, Governor of India, a trial that lasted seven years, and Hastings was acquitted. It was used for the coronation feast of George 4th. The remains of the late W. E. Gladstone laid in state for two days, and it is estimated that 300,000 people passed through the hall during that time. A small brass tablet let into the hall floor marks the spot, and separated from this tablet by some three inches is a much larger and very ornate tablet indicating the spot where the body of the late King Edward 7th laid in state for three days, and it is estimated that 532,000 people passed through during the three days. The inscription on the tablet reads: "Here rested from May 17th until interment at Windsor, May 20th, 1910, Edward 7th, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the seas. Emperor of India." Passing through Westminster Hall you come into the New Palace yard, and take leave of the inside of this wonderful building, which, whether we consider its importance nationally, the extent and intricacy of its details, or the multifarious operations which go on within its walls, must excite our interest and national pride. On the outside, the eastern front faces the River Thames, the waters of which wash the foundation and wall to a considerable height. This side is 940 feet in length, of which the projecting portions in wings at the extremities are each 120 feet in length, leaving between them a fine paved terrace overlooking the water, 700 feet long and 33 feet wide. The west front is more broken than any of the rest, and presents a striking effect, chiefly from its picturesque appearance, while on the other hand the river front is impressive from its extent and uniform symmetry. In the narrow portion of the yard, facing Parliament Square, is an imposing statue of Oliver Cromwell. The Lord Protector stands bare-headed, stern of mien and feature, with left foot advanced and right hand resting on the hilt of his sword, upon a high pedestal at the front of which is a boldly-chiselled lion couchant. This monument was erected at the instigation of Earl Rosebery, who has a great admiration of Cromwell. It is right opposite the spot where his skull hung on a spire for a period of four years. For a long time there were only two statues of Cromwell in England, one at St. Ives, near Cambridge, where he was born, another in Manchester, and all that was written on them was the name and date of birth and death. A story is told that Queen Victoria, when asked to open the Canal at Manchester, replied that she would only do so on condition that they veiled the statue of Cromwell. The people of Manchester veiled the statue and the Queen opened the Canal. A lady of high rank looking at the veiled statue said, "And who is that?" Knowing well who it was, a man standing near

replied, "That is the man who gave you your dynastry!" Whether this was told the Queen or not is not known, but the Queen made no objection when Earl Rosebery proposed the erection of the one outside Parliament House.

Some writers condemn Cromwell unmercifully, others are extravagant in their praise. Cruel though he was at times, neither friend nor foe can deny him the two valuable qualities of energy and decision of character. Cromwell was a man who, when he said a thing, always did it. The time he came into power England had been of scarcely more weight in European politics than Venice or Saxony, and at his death she was the most formidable power in the world. He dictated terms of peace in the United Provinces; swept the Barbary pirates, the terror of the world, off the seas; vanquished the Spaniards by land and by sea; seized Jamaica in the West Indies, and acquired Dunkirk on the Flemish coast, a fortress which consoled the national pride for the loss of Calais; re-admitted the Jews into England from which they had been banished for a space of 365 years; and established the General Post Office and banking houses in London. The statue in front of Westminster Hall reminds one that he is looking at the image of the great man of England, a man who becomes greater and greater as the centuries go on. There are three towers in the Houses, the most important being the Victoria Tower at the south-west. It is the largest and highest square tower in the world, being 75 feet square and 336 feet high to the top of the pinnacles, and over 400 feet to the top of the flag staff. The Clock Tower at the north-west end, contains the great clock, the largest, most powerful and most accurate public clock in the world. The frame of this clock is 15½ feet long, 4 feet 7 inches wide, and the pendulum which beats one every two seconds is 13 feet long and weighs 685lbs.; each of the dials are 22 feet 6 inches in diameter, the minute spaces are one foot apart and the figures 2 feet long, the minute hands are 14 feet long and weigh 2 cwt. each. The time is regulated from Greenwich twice a day. Above the clock room is the bell room. One bell, called Big Ben, weighs 13½ tons, and the quarter bells total 8½ tons; the hammer that strikes upon Big Ben weighs 4 cwt. Across the street opposite the clock tower is the statue of Queen Boadicea standing in a chariot drawn by two powerful horses; opposite the House of Lords is a statue of Richard First known as Coeur De Lion on horse back; opposite the Parliament Houses towards Westminster Abbey in a piece of enclosed ground are the statues of Beaconsfield, Palmerston, Peel, Canning and Derby. While visiting these Houses I fell into company with an American and a Canadian soldier and walked along with them to the north-west corner of the House of Commons, and we were looking at the steps leading down into the river, the same steps that the five members made their escape from St. Stephen's Hall when Charles 1st came with a band of soldiers to arrest them, when the American soldier said, "What is that there?" pointing to the river. "That," I replied, "is the great Thames River!" "Call that a river," he said. "Why, in the United States, we would call it a stream." The Canadian chipped in and said, "In Canada, we would call it a brook." I said, "That is a great river, greater than any in America." They both laughed. The American replied, "Why, where I came from, the Missouri, is nine miles wide." The Canadian said, "The St. Lawrence was something the same." They said, "You have greater

rivers in Australia than that one." "In Australia," I replied, "there are good rivers, but there are also fourteen Parliaments legislating for five million people." At this they both laughed heartily. I informed them that they were laughing a world-wide laugh, as on top of the Parliaments there were six Governors, a Governor-General, six Agent-Generals, and a High Commissioner, each office carrying with it a large staff of servants. "As you have described Australia so well, perhaps you can describe the greatness of this river the same," said the Canadian. "I can," I replied, "and in a few words. The St. Lawrance is a river of water, the Missouri a river of water with a large proportion of mud, the Thames a river liquid with ancient history; that's what makes it a great river." For a moment there was silence, when the American broke it by saying, "Give me your hand, I am beat." The Canadian said the same. We then left these Houses and went out into the street and stood alongside of a statue erected to commemorate the men who fell in the Boer war. This statue stands on the spot where Caxton had his first printing press in the year 1478. I parted with them here and fell into company with a Scotch-Canadian. He was a tall fine-built man, but having been shell-shocked and spent a good while in the trenches at different periods, he was dull to a great extent; he was in want of a long rest. We passed Westminster Bridge and proceeded along the Thames embankment until we came to Cleopatra's Needle, an Egyptian stone 100 feet high. Egyptian figures and writing are carved in it; at each end there are two large brass sphnixes. A bomb dropped near this stone striking the bottom and pieces of the shrapnel struck the Sphinx making a hole in one or two places; this will help to make it more historical as the years go by. This stone was first of all erected at Heliopolis B.C. 1500, then shifted to Alexandria in the year 12 B.C. Alexandria at that time had become a place of great note, containing as it did a wonderful library which was afterwards destroyed by the Mohamedans. It was given to England by the Sultan of Egypt in the year 1819 as a present on account of the work done in Egypt by Nelson and Abercrombie in driving out the French. In 1877 it was placed in an incinerator, tugged behind a boat and brought to England, but coming through the Bay of Biscay, the vessel encountered a violent storm and the incinerator broke loose. Six men lost their lives in attempting to save it; their names are written on the stone. The accident occurred on October 14th, 1877. The Grand Hotel Cecil is right opposite, a little way further on is the Railway Bridge, opposite is the Temple Gardens, the Black Friar's bridge and Ludgate Circus. Coming from here, we came into Fleet street opposite the great Law Courts; some fifty courts sit every day. These buildings contain several hundred rooms. The London city boundary runs through them at the east end and right on the boundary is an ugly statue of a peculiar animal with wings on top of it, but written on this statue are the words: "This is the spot where once stood the gates of Temple Bar." There is a statue of Queen Victoria on one side and King Edward 7th on the other. Hanging out from a shop window opposite is an image of the gates that once stood there. While there we were accosted by a man who told us that right on the corner opposite the Law Courts there was once a barber's shop, and the barber's name was Sweeny Tod; he erected a chair over a trap-door leading down to a cellar, and when he put a man's head back to shave him, he cut his

throat and dropped him into the cellar where he fell on a springboard and an axe cut his head clean off. After robbing him of money and clothes, a woman next door took the flesh off the body and made pork pies of it and sold them in the shop. He told this story in great glee, his face livening up and his eyes twinkling as he proceeded; he knew nothing about the history of Temple Bar, that Queen Elizabeth riding on horseback on her way to Westminster Abbey to be crowned was received with great cheers, and that every monarch since that time, on their crowning day has to halt there for a short time while the crowd cheer them, but the barber and his deeds he was well versed in and said it must have been before he was born as he never remembered seeing a barber's shop there; it was in the reign of George 3rd, two hundred years ago that this event occurred and the barber was hung at Newgate opposite the Old Bailey in the open street and on the gallows made a long speech, finishing up by saying it was the most momentous day of his life—a day he would never forget and with that he dropped into space. When the man was in the height of describing this event, I looked at my companion, the Scotch-Canadian, and for the first and only time during the day he had a broad smile on his face. Leaving here we came into the Strand, saw Somerset House—a fine mansion erected by the Duke of Somerset in the reign of Edward 6th, of whom he was Protector; he pulled down several houses including a fine church in order to get material for its erection. King's College is alongside Somerset House, and in a lane off the Strand is an old Roman bath referred to by Charles Dickens in his book "David Copperfield" (p. 505). Proceeding up Fleet street we came to a conspicuous building right across the street, the dome of which told us it was St. Paul's Cathedral. This Cathedral which we see to-day is the third building which has been built on the site it occupies. As far back as the second century the Romans built a cathedral in honour of their God Diana; this remained until the seventh century when King Ethelbert, a Saxon King, pulled down the Diana Cathedral, and built one in the name of St. Paul, erecting a cross outside called St. Paul's cross. This Cathedral was improved from time to time, several estates were endowed to maintain it, one estate, the farm of Tillingham in Essex is still in possession of the Dean and Chapter. In the reign of Charles 1st a considerable amount of work was done in repairing it; then when Oliver Cromwell came into power he pulled down the scaffolding which Indigo Jones had erected, for the purpose of restoring; the vaulting was at the same time removed and sold; in consequence much of the vaulting fell, all images and crosses were destroyed and the main portion of the building turned into a stable for the troop's horses. While Cromwell had great respect for Westminster Abbey, and said others besides Kings should be buried there, Admiral Blake being the first to receive that distinction, he cared little for St. Paul's. Then when Charles 2nd came on the throne he had the Cathedral cleaned up and put into repair. When the great fire broke out in 1666, it started in Fish street, known at one time as Pudding Lane, and ended in Pie Corner. A monument is erected near the spot where the fire started; it destroyed every building on the north side of the Thames to a depth of three-quarters of a mile; over one hundred parish churches, nearly all the old city halls, and the Cathedral of St. Paul's were destroyed. The King set about building a new cathedral and rose £130,000 by way of briefs sent out all over

the country as a way of taxation. There was living in those days an architect such as the world has not since produced named Sir Christopher Wren, and to him was allotted the building of the new cathedral. In an advanced age in life he commenced this stupendous task, along with that of thirty other churches, no two designs of which were alike; he was a pupil of the great Michael Angelo and to some extent at least took St. Peter's at Rome for his model, but the characteristic feature of St. Paul's, its magnificent dome, is not approached by any other church in the world for majestic dignity and grace. When the workmen were twenty feet below the ground digging out the trenches in which to place the foundation stone, they came across the foundation of the Diana Cathedral. The present foundations are forty feet below the ground and the walls 20 feet in thickness, rising to a height of 300 feet to the outer dome, then 65 feet to the top of the cross. The architect laid the foundation stones himself not trusting to others. One day when picking up a fragment of slab stone to mark the spot he had chosen as the centre of his plan, he turned it over and found it to be part of a tombstone on which was written the Latin word (Resurgam) meaning I shall rise again. This showed that someone had been buried in the old cathedral, and gave the idea of burying in the new one; hence the crypt. It is twenty feet below the floor, 300 feet long, 100 feet wide, and contains the graves of many eminent persons. Sir Christopher Wren, his wife and family lie buried right under the dome. A plain stone denotes that he died in such a year, aged 91 years, but a tablet written in Latin is on the wall alongside which says, "Reader, should you desire to know the history of this man, look around you, St. Paul's is his monument. He would certainly have been famous as the greatest mathematician and scientific inventor of his day, had he not eclipsed his early glory by his subsequent fame as an architect." There are two tombs above the surface, one is Nelson, the other Wellington. Nelson's body is enclosed in a coffin made from the main mast of the French flagship "L'Orient," which was blown up at Aboukir Bay in the battle of the Nile; it is enclosed in a case of black marble. Wellington's coffin is enclosed in two blocks of Cornish porphyry resting on a third block of granite. Lord Wolsely and Lord Roberts are buried in the bay to the right of the Nelson tomb; there were flowers on Roberts' grave the day I visited there. Wellington's funeral car, cast from guns taken at Waterloo, and made while his body was lying in state at Chelsea Hospital (the muskets, swords, bayonets and flags on the car are also relics of the same battlefield) was drawn there with the body of Wellington on it by twelve black horses, and lowered into the crypt. It weighs 18 tons and cost £20,000. Among the other graves are the names of Field-Marshal Lord Napier, of Magdala, General Sir Thomas Picton, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. There are also busts of men not buried there, one being that of William Bede Dally, Premier of New South Wales, 1886; he sent seven hundred men, horses and equipments to the Soudan, the time General Gordon was surrounded at Khartum and landed same at Port Suakin in 30 days. This action has acquired an historic value as the first practical move in the direction of Imperial Federation. Entering St. Paul's by the south-west door, you come into the Chapel of the most noble order of St. Michael and St. George, walking down the centre of the aisle of the Nave, you view some magnificent monuments, one of the Duke of Well-

ington, and one of Lord Melbourne, who gave the name to the capital of Victoria, and by standing on the circular brass slab, let into the marble pavement directly under the centre of the dome, you are exactly in the centre of the Cathedral. The Cathedral is the centre of London, London the commercial centre of the Empire. Inside, Westminster Abbey presents itself to a stranger on his first visit as something marvellous, but the inside of St. Paul's fairly dazzles him. To a stranger it is more striking than Westminster Abbey: in the south aisle, a door opens to the staircase leading to the library, the whispering gallery and the dome; these stairs go around and around, and you are ascending all the time. After seeing the library and all its old historical books and documents you reach the whispering gallery at a height of 260 feet; this room goes right around the dome; by looking over the railing you can see the bottom floor; by going 110 feet away to the far side of the dome and putting your ear to the wall, a man speaking into the wall, little above a whisper at 110 feet distance can be heard as plain as if he was close to you. What he says is, "This building was designed by Sir Christopher Wren; it took 35 years to build; it cost one and a-half million pounds; it contains 900 winding steps; the dome is 365 feet in height; the crypt is 20 feet below the floor." The roundness of the wall carries the sound; this secret was unknown to the architect and not found out until many years after his death. Proceeding up the stairs you come out on the dome, walk all around it and you see greater London, thousands of houses, thousands of streets, thousands of vehicles of every description, thousands of people moving about in all directions. After descending the stairs and coming outside if you wish to walk around the building it will take you 20 minutes; there are nice gardens at the back and both sides with seats to sit down on, and water fountains; in front in the little garden are some stones of the old cathedral preserved from the fire; out in Fleet street at the front is a statue of Queen Ann.

After leaving St. Paul's Cathedral and going in the direction of London Bridge, I came in sight of a monument known as the fire monument of London. This famous pillar, built to commemorate the great fire, stands in the small open square known as monument yard on the east side of Fish street hill; it was designed by Sir Christopher Wren; its entire height is 202 feet. Within is a winding staircase of 345 black marble steps opening out into a balcony, whence the view of the metropolis, especially of the Port of London, is very interesting. In one respect it is finer than that from the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, as it includes a view of the Cathedral dome. The work of construction occupied six years, from 1671 to 1677; the stone of which it is composed came from Portland. In a manuscript preserved in the Guild Hall Library which came under my inspection while there, gives the particulars of expenses incurred by the Corporation in re-erecting public buildings after the fire of London, and a full account of all sums expended in the construction of the monument, the total cost of which was £13,450 11s. 9d. It is loftier than the pillars of Trojan and Antoninus at Rome, and it is not only the loftiest but also the finest isolated stone column in the world. After leaving the monument and proceeding further along the Thames, I came to the Tower of London. This building was first erected by William the Conqueror, for the purpose of protecting and controlling the city. As first planned, it lay within the

city walls, but its enlargement late in the 12th century carried its boundaries eastward beyond the walls. Part, therefore, is in the City of London, and part outside the city, but it forms with its surrounding fortifications, a precinct in itself. It covers an area of 18 acres within the garden rails. The present buildings are partly of Norman period, but architecture of almost all the styles which have flourished in England may be found within the walls. It has in time past been a fortress, a palace, and a prison and one can only view it in a threefold aspect. The oldest and most important building is the Great Tower or keep, called the White Tower. This tower was occupied by all the Kings and Queens down to Charles 2nd. Each monarch used to lodge in it before his coronation and to ride in procession to Westminster through the city. The Lion Tower stood where the ticket office and refreshment rooms are now at the entrance from Tower Hill. The other towers are Middle Tower, Byward Tower, Bell Tower. In this tower, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was imprisoned by Henry 8th and Princess Elizabeth by her sister Queen Mary. Through a window of this tower can be seen the Council Chambers where Guy Fawkes, and his fellow conspirators were tried and condemned, 1605. The Wakefield Tower is used now as the Jewel House for the safe keeping and exhibition of Crown jewels, etc. In this tower there is an exhibition of old antiquities of every description. The Great Hall, memorable as the scene of Ann Boleyn's trial, adjoined it, but was pulled down during the Commonwealth. The Traitor's Gate is on the Thames side; through this gate prisoners, after being brought up the Thames passed under the arch on their way to prison or the scaffold. The groove for working the massive portcullis, which was raised by ropes and a windlass, is still observable. Among the many tried at Westminster who passed under this arch may be mentioned the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Thomas Moore, Anne Boleyn, Earl of Essex, Katherine Howard, Duke of Somerset, Lady Jane Grey, Queen Elizabeth, and the Duke of Monmouth. Right in front of the Traitor's Gate stands the Bloody Tower; it dates from the reign of Edward 3rd, and was called by its present name as early as 1597, when the two infant princesses were smothered at the foot of the staircase. The old wooden staircase is still there; the upper story of this tower opens out into what was called the garden. Here Sir Walter Raleigh was allowed to walk during his long imprisonment, and could sometimes converse over the wall with passersby. Another place of considerable interest is the Chapel of St. Peter Ad Vincula. This chapel was first built in the year 1135 and re-built at the end of the 13th century. It was burnt in 1512 and rebuilt and has since then undergone a great deal of repair. It was considered a royal chapel before 1550. The interior is shown to the public on application to the warder on duty, except Saturday afternoons. It is in this chapel there lie two Dukes between two Queens, the Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Northumberland, between Queen Anne and Queen Katherine, wives of Henry 8th, all four beheaded. Here also are buried Lady Jane Grey, Lord Guildford Dudley, the Duke of Monmouth, and the Scotch Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat, beheaded for their share in the rebellion of 1745. The space in front of the chapel is called Tower Green, and was used as a burial ground, in the centre is a small square plot paved with granite, showing the site on which stood the scaffold, where private executions took place; the public

executions took place on Tower Hill, outside the tower grounds; it was paved and a chain fence put round it by order of the late Queen Victoria. The persons abovementioned were executed on this spot; they were all beheaded with an axe, except Ann Boleyn, whose head was cut off with a sword, by an executioner brought over from France for the purpose; she was executed at 10 o'clock in the morning and the King married Jane Seymour at 3 p.m. the next day. The seven bodies abovementioned were buried in Tower Green, but Queen Victoria had them removed and put in oak coffins and buried in the Chapel of St. Peter ad vincular. The Duke of Monmouth lies right under the Communion table, the others alongside in the Chancel. Judge Jeffrey's body was taken from the tower and buried in a country cemetery. There is no sadder spot on earth than that little space in the Chancel of the Chapel of St. Peter ad vincular. Death there is not associated as at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's with genius and virtue, with public veneration and imperishable renown, but with the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. The interior of the King's House is not shown to the public; next to it is the House of the Yeoman goaler or chief warder. It was in this house that Lady Jane Grey lived when a prisoner, and from its window saw her husband go forth to Tower Hill for execution, and his headless body brought to the Chapel in a carre, while the scaffold was being prepared for her own death on the green in front which took place on the same day, Monday, February 12th, 1554. The block and axe used for the last execution is still preserved in a glass case. The tower had first a wall around it, then a moat, then another wall outside the moat, so that a prisoner had little chance of escaping. The moat is now a lawn with flowers growing along each side of it. After leaving the tower you pass over Tower Bridge (this bridge opens up in the centre when a vessel comes along). Along each end are high towers and steps going to the top of same in the inside and a foot bridge right across from the top of one tower to the other. This was for foot passengers to cross while the bridge was open, but these towers have not been used for eight years, as all traffic waits until the vessel passes through, and the bridge lowered again for them to go over. From here I took the underground tube train for South Kensington Museum, which is a part of the British Museum. There are some wonderful sights to be seen here; an elephant 11 feet high, 20 feet long, with tusks 10 feet long, 2 feet wide, weighing 228lbs. A whale captured on the west coast of Scotland 69 feet long, contained 26 tons of oil, 26 cwt. of whalebone. An animal called Arsmoitherium, found in the beds of old rivers in Egypt now extinct, supposed to have lived before the flood. It is 12 feet long, 5 feet broad, 6 feet high, has one horn and 44 teeth. An animal found in Lake Caleabouna, South Australia, now extinct, called Diprotodon Australis, a very large beast. A tree found in California, America, 1335 years old, cut 18 feet above the ground, 276 feet high; the age is told by the annual rings on the bark; also an animal called Dipludious, now extinct, 34 feet long; once lived in North America. There is every animal that exists in the world in this museum, which contains 100 rooms; also statues of great men, the finest being the Duke of Wellington. The art gallery with its hundreds of paintings, and the National History Gallery are a wonderful sight. From here I came by underground railway to Tottingham Court road to the main branch

of the British Museum. The antiquities exhibited in this building are principally sculptures, and works of art, and objects of domestic use of the ancient nations of the world—namely, the Egyptians, whose history can be traced back for more than 4,000 years B.C., the Babylonians and Assyrians, whose history is nearly as ancient as the Egyptians; the Phoenicians (the trading people of the old world); the Greeks (the most artistic that ever lived); the Romans (the most powerful nation of ancient times); the Etruscans, the ancient inhabitants of part of Italy, whose history is bound up with that of the Romans; and prehistoric peoples in all parts of the world. This building, which contains 84 rooms, has 32 galleries, and in each of these galleries are portrait heads, statues, sculptures, drawings affixed to the wall, horses and riders made of marble, Egyptian bulls with human heads on them made out of stone, Egyptian mummies 4,000 years old, collections of earthen vessels or urns of the bronze age, implements and other objects of prehistoric times, relics from graves of the Gauls, antiquities from the stone age and numerous other antiquities, from all parts of the world. Hyde Park is a beautiful park, consisting of some hundreds of acres of land, covered with trees, roads, various buildings and in one part a lake. Around the outside, but inside the boundary fence, is a track on which the gentry ride around at 10 a.m.; it is called Rotten Row. Marble Arch is a marble archway in the centre of which is a gate opened once a year for the King to drive through; it is right out by itself as a portion of the park around it had to be cleared for traffic. The streets go right around it; a little way off, near a lamp post, is a stone in the street, which denotes the spot where the gallows of Tyburn once stood, the place where some hundreds of poor wretches were hung in the open. Oxford street may be said to commence from here. Further on is St. James's Park and off from it is St. James's Palace. It is a fine sight to watch the Guard changing over at 11 a.m., keeping up an old cusotm. Another place of interest is Buckingham Palace stables, where the King's horses are kept; some very fine animals, the carriages, including the coronation carriage and the harness rooms are a fine site. The next place of interest is Whitehall, not far from Buckingham Palace, where a very old collection of relics are to be seen in the museum. This room was once used as Parliament House, and it was here Charles 1st was kept a prisoner during the time of his trial, and from here walked out into the open street and was beheaded. Written on an iron plate under the fourth window is the following inscription: "Charles 1st was executed outside this hall in the street, January 30th, 1648.". While here I met a man and asked him if he knew where the plate was on the wall. He said he did not know. "How long have you lived here?" I next asked him. He said "about 30 years." I said, "I came 14,000 miles and I know that plate is here somewhere. You want to shake yourself up and find it." He replied, "Oh, ah, ah." I found it while talking to him and read it to him. He said, "Well, well; I never knew where the King was executed." I said, "You know where to find a pint of beer." He said "Yes," and with that I left him. The London "Times" office is in Queen Victoria street. I went through a portion of this building. Written on a board outside were the words, "Red Cross work costs £80,000 a week, being £8 a minute." A little way further on is "Chesse, cheese, Dr. Johnson's room, his chair, his watch, his dictionary first and last, also wine

glasses, spoons and plates used by him, also his dining room, table, chair, forms, etc." A plate on the wall states that Charles Dickens often sat here and dined with Dr. Johnson. In Fleet street there is the Australian House in the Strand, the Temple Church with burial ground, containing the grave of Oliver Goldsmith and a statue of Dr. Johnson. This was at one time a Danish settlement; then St. Mary's Church, then the Aldwich Y.M.C.A., then Temple Bar and the Law Courts, and finally you reach Trafalgar Square, which lies at the entrance of several streets. In the centre is the great monument of Nelson, 150 feet high, his statue on top of it cost £40,000. Four lions of bronze are at the foot of the monument. Other statues around are Charles 1st on horseback, George 4th on horseback, Generals Havelock, Napier and Gordon. A little way further on is the statue of the Duke of Cambridge, on horseback. Trafalgar Square is regarded as the traffic centre of London. Motor buses from all parts connect up here, as well as electric trams. There is a pond of water in one part with fish swimming in it, and around this spot Australian soldiers were for ever congregated; it got the name of diggers' corner. Branching off from here you come into Portsmouth street, house No. 14, a waste paper and stock merchants place; on the wall is written in large letters, "Old Curosity Shop, immortalised by Charles Dickens." This old shop still remains, while all around it are large buildings. Branching off Fleet street at Temple Bar you come to Smithfield. On the east side a few hundred yards away stands the old gateway of St. Bartholemew's Church, the weather-beaten arch stained with the dust of ages, facing the spot where Wallace, the Scottish patriot, bravely met his death, and blackened by the smoke which arose from that awful pyre, where during the reign of Queen Mary 1st, 277 people were burned to death, on account of holding a different religious belief. A fountain in the centre of a little garden across the street right opposite the front of the church marks the place of execution. As you enter the church of St. Bartholomew, the effect is positively startling. The grandeur and sublimity of the glorious Norman work, the finest in London, is increased by the somewhat sordid surroundings outside. This work was done in the year 1123. The tomb of Rahe, the founder, is to the left of the Altar. After leaving here and coming through Walbrook, opposite Cannon street station, you come into the corner of Prince's street. By the side of the Bank of England is Wesley's Chapel in City road, the old house where he died, his study and personal belongings are carefully and reverently preserved, and behind the church is his tomb; the old house is now a museum. There is a fine bronze statue of John Wesley in the yard alongside the church, also the grave of his mother, Susannah Wesley. On the opposite side of the road is the great Non-conformist burial ground called Bunhill Fields, formerly called Bonehill, on account of 20,000 people being buried in one hole, the time of the plague in the year 1665. During eight months about 130,000 persons died from a disease called the black plague. There was a large burial hole at Smithfield in which 50,000 people were buried. The Bunhill Fields is no longer a burial ground; it is planted with ornamental trees and looks like a park. One of the finest tombs is that of John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrim's Progress," Richard and Henry Cromwell, sons of Oliver Cromwell, are buried alongside of him. General Fleetwood, Dr. Watts, and Dr. Bradbury are a little way further on and next to them is a

fine tomb erected to the memory of Daniel Defoe, on which is written: "Born 1661, died 1731, author of "Robinson Crusoe." This monument is the result of an appeal in the Christian world newspaper, to the boys and girls of England, for funds to place a suitable memorial upon the grave of Daniel Defoe. It represents the united contribution of seventeen hundred persons. There are some extraordinary writings on some of the tombstones. One reads, "Here lies Dame Mary Page in the 56th year of her age, in 67 months she was tapped 66 times, had taken away 240 gallons of water, without ever repining at her case, or ever fearing the operation." In a secluded corner is this epitaph—

"Here lies old Ebenezer Jones,
Who all his life collected bones,
Till death that grim and busy spectre,
That all-amazing bone collector,
Boned old Jones so neat and tidy,
And here he lies all bone-fide."

A little way further on in Aldersgate street you turn into Jewin street, at the end of which is the picturesque tower of St. Giles Cripplegate. This building dates from the end of the 16th century and its pre-eminent interest is that it contains the grave of John Milton, one of the greatest pillars of England's glory, buried 1674, but Charles 2nd had the body dug up and burnt because Milton was Cromwell's Latin secretary. When old, blind and in poverty, he composed the wonderful poems, "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." Fox, the author of the "Book of Martyrs" is buried in a vault under the church. In the north wall of the church there is an open coffin with the image of a woman, seated upright in it. Her name is Constance Whitney. The body-snatchers opened the coffin to get her rings and jewels, but being unable to get a ring from one of her fingers, commenced to cut it off, when to their terror she rose up. They flew for their lives and she flew to her home, just as her husband was going to sit down to breakfast. She lived a number of years afterwards and bore a child. This child married into the Penruddock family, a descendant of whom this book is dedicated to, and who bears the same Christian name. In the church yard is the bastion of the old Roman wall, the Roman foundation of which was built nearly 2000 years ago. Going from here to Bishopsgate in Liverpool street, opposite Liverpool station is an hotel called Dirty Dick Hotel, which has a great history and does a great trade; there is a bar as you go in off the street where men and women have their pints of beer, and one down steps in a room below where men only go; on the shelves are skeletons of cats, rats and mice; the room is full of cobwebs. The story is that a man named Dirty Dick owned it many years ago, got married and prepared a great feast, had the tables laid out with all the best of liquors and eatables, when the wife and others commenced to play blind man's buff; the wife hid in a box, the lid fastened down upon her, and she died there; they searched for her everywhere but failed to find her. Dick thought she had eloped with another man, who was seen about that morning; he turned the guests all out, shut up the place for several years, until he died. The cats, rats and mice ate the wedding breakfast, broke the bottles, and then died. The place was sold, the people began to clean it up; they put the dead animals on the shelves, lifting out the boxes the bottom fell out of

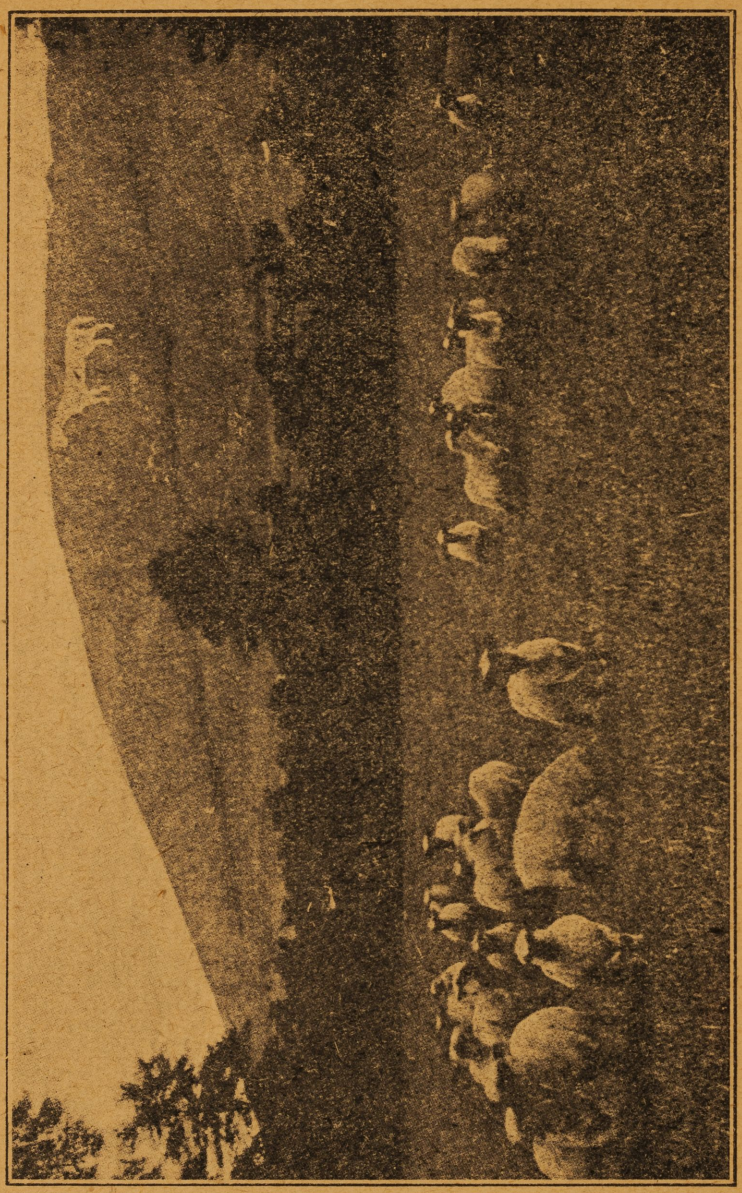
one and the skeleton of a woman rolled out; then the secret of the wedding mystery became known. It was from this came the song "The Mistletoe Bough". In order to attract people from all parts of the world, the place is left in its old state; they do a great trade, a person is only allowed to have one drink; the grog is of the very best class. From here you get into East End of London or what is called Whitechapel. There is a fine hospital at Marlinggate, one of the best in London. In Whitechapel you meet all classes of people who have congregated there from all over the world; the footpaths are wide and goods are deposited on these for sale, bartering that goes on is enormous. In Whitechapel road there is a building which acts as a Labour Bureau, a food depot, a mission hall, belonging to the Salvation Army (in a tiny room furnished after the style of an office is the place General Booth founded the Salvation Army in the year 1878; this place will become historical as years go by). Out in front is placed a stone where the General held his first salvation meeting. On Sunday morning I visited Middlesex street, at one time called Petticoat lane; this is the part the Jews live in, Saturday being their Sabbath day; Sunday is the first day in the week and the great market day, everything is offered for sale that you can think of; it is a great sight to see them bartering their goods; if you sell them an article at one end you can buy it back at the other. During the time I was in London I paid two visits to Hampton Court, which is situated up the Thames, 20 miles from Waterloo Bridge. The first trip I went by 'bus and tram, passing through a city nearly all the way, also three estates, one in possession of the Jersey family, one of the Earls was Governor of New South Wales at one time; another estate once the property of Henry 8th, and from here his second wife Ann Boleyn was taken to the Tower to be beheaded. Also an estate where Lady Jane Grey lived. It was here one morning that Sir Rodger De Coverly called and asked her would she like to go with the ladies and gentlemen on a hunting expedition, and she replied that she found more pleasure in reading Plato than going hunting. The other trip was in company with 50 other men on a boat sailing up the river; the Anzac Buffet supplied this trip, and found us in eatables. We passed under 15 bridges on the way, saw where the great boat races were rowed, and a lot of historic places all along the route. Shortly after starting I saw a man explaining the places to some of the men. I made up to him and heard him say, "When I first became member for Battersea I got a Bill put through the House to remove all the old objectionable sights and got beauty spots in their places." I said to him, "John Burns is member for Battersea." He looked at me for a moment and said, "If you'll excuse me, I am John Burns." I shook hands with him remarking, "You are the man who won the dock strike 28 years ago." He said, "Yes; I led the men to victory, but it was Australian money that won the strike. I received £100,000, and the most of it came from Sydney, New South Wales, and that is how the strike was won." He explained everything to us all along the route, and at Hampton Court showed us things I had not previously seen—a grape vine in a hot house 400 years old, produced 2,500 bunches of grapes the year previous. He also showed us through the maze with its winding paths, etc., the room where Shakespeare and his men played their dramas before Queen Elizabeth, the stage, etc. Hampton Court was built by Henry 8th as a residence

for Cardinal Wolsely, and every King and Queen from that down to Victoria spent several months of the year there, but Windsor Castle took its place and it was thrown open to the public. There are some priceless pictures and paintings to be seen there and furnished rooms of different monarchs, about 100 ladies, widows of noted men, live in apartments there; they keep as many as three servants each and have furnished rooms supplied by the State. Hampton Court Palace is architecturally and historically the finest of the Royal palaces, the charm and dignity of the old building, built for Cardinal Wolseley has been preserved. Under Wolseley's great gate house, you pass the clock court containing the famous astronomical clock; then you enter the banqueting hall, with its music gallery, old furniture and beautiful tapestries; there are over 900 apartments in the palace. There are beautiful gardens with tennis courts in them, and the quaint Dutch garden of William of Orange, with the home park of about 700 acres extending for a considerable distance along the river banks. After returning from this palace on my first visit I reached London just in time to see the wedding party of Miss Asquith and her husband, a Roumanian Prince, leaving Old St. Margaret's Church at Westminster Abbey, where the ceremony had taken place. Saturday, July 19th, 1919, was a day of triumph never to fade from memory; I had just arrived from Ireland the evening previous, and stayed for the night at the British Y.M.C.A., close to London Bridge. After seeing the enormous crowds of people and vehicles pass over that bridge in the morning, a crowd which continues all day till late at night I walked up the Thames Embankment to Westminster Bridge, and waited for the procession to come across. Some thousands of people congregated there, as in other parts, for three hours before the appointed time, the bridge on both sides being lined as close as they possibly could stand side by side. The statute of Queen Boadicea which is erected close to the north end of the bridge opposite Parliament Houses was lined with men and boys. They climbed right on to the horses' heads, and Cowper's poem on the statue seemed very appropriate for this occasion:—"Regions Caesar never knew, thy posterity shall sway." When the first of the procession put in an appearance the cheering of the people commenced and continued for two and a half hours. Millions roared their acclamations of unbroken delight, as the victors marched through the city. The following is the order of the march:—United States, Belgium, China, Czecho-Slovakia, France, the band, Greece, Italy, Japan, Poland, Portugal, Roumania, Serbia, Siam, British Empire, consisting of Navy section, staff, fleets; Red Cross staff, band, then came seamen, stokers, daymen, and marines from the following: Yellow and blue flag, staff, band, red, white and blue flag, staff, band, white flag with red cross, black and white flag, white flags red letters, green flag yellow letters, army and staff officers, 1914 men, artillery, Dragoon Guards, Royal Engineers, Infantry, Machine Gun Corps, four tanks, our Indian Army, Women's Legion, Women's Auxiliary Army Corps, Royal Fusiliers, Airmen and Military Police. The head of the British troops passed with a tornado of shouts of 'Haig, Haig, Sir Douglas Haig." Other features of the march were heart-stirring cheers for Marshal Foch, Admiral Beatty, General Pershing, and the gallant women. Memorably beautiful was the homage paid to fallen comrades, as the victors marched past the cenotaph erected at White Hall to the glorious dead. The absence of a Canadian contingent,

and of Lord French was much commented on by the crowd all along the route. Edging my way through the human mass from Westminster Bridge to Trafalgar Square, I passed the monument opposite Whitehall: some hundreds of wreaths lay around the foot of it and written on the side were the words, "The glorious dead." As each different nation passed, they halted for a few moments as a token or respect to the dead. When General Pershing, the American leader, came near he rode past, then wheeled his horse round to a standstill, and facing the cenotaph he saluted, and his men did likewise, then passed on. At Trafalgar Square the human mass could be seen wedged against one another in every direction as far as the eye could reach, all balconies and on top of many houses, people could be seen. At Trafalgar Square they climbed up Nelson's Monument as far as they could get, on the lions' backs (from their tails to their heads), up on lamp-posts and on the statues of Generals Havelock, Gordon and Napier of Magadala they climbed.

Flags were woven all around Nelson's statue right to the top. At his feet was flying the Union Jack, and from his shoulders were the stripes and colours Nelson wore at Trafalgar, and along them in golden letters were written, "In honour and glory I won them, in honour and glory I die with them." After passing Trafalgar Square the procession turned into Oxford street and I lost all further sight of them. The decorations and statues in this and Regent street and around Piccadilly Circus were simply marvellous. It was the greatest procession that has ever taken place in London. The cheering from that enormous crowd as the troops passed from street to street was something to be remembered. I got a glimpse of General Foch and Sir Douglas Haig as they passed at the head of their respective columns. There were some fine fireworks in Hyde Park at night, but slightly marred by rain which fell at intervals. On Australia House in the Strand, Fleet street, were printed in letters the different places the Australians fought in. They were Anzac, Beersheba, Damascus, Jerusalem, Pollygon Wood, Mont St. Quentin, Merris, Broodsiende, Hamel, Bullecourt, Messines, Amiens, Villers Brettoneaux, Pozieres, and Passchendale. Australia's record was: Enlisted 416,809, embarked 331,781, killed and died 59,730, wounded 113,749. Won honours 16,814, including 63 Victoria Crosses. I left Weymouth, March 26th, 1919, for Sutton Veney, a camp consisting in all of ten camps with about 30 huts in each camp; agricultural classes were held there at that time and a large number of men were there. Sutton Veney is in a portion of the old Selwood Forest, portions of whih still exist around it. A building called Green Hills, converted into a Y.M.C.A., has a very old history, as near it in the edges of the fence are two stone traps erected by Richard Coeur De Lion where he trapped wolves, bears, etc., seven hundred years ago. A little further on is the old Manor House used as a Y.M.C.A. At one time it was a monastery in which Monks resided, then a Baronical Hall. A portion of the original building still exists. On the hills around Sutton Veney are numerous trenches made by the Saxons when fighting the Danes. The town of Warminster is three miles from the camp, and four miles further on is Westbury. Two miles from this town, on the side of a hill, carved with chalk, is the image of a white horse, which perpetuates the spot where Alfred the Great signally conquered the Danes in the year 878. The length of the horse from head to tail, both

included, is 175 feet; height from feet to shoulder 107 feet. On top of the hill and running for miles are trenches some fifty feet deep and 10 feet wide. About two miles from the White Horse is the old village of Ethandunes, now called Edington, one of the oldest villages in England, and was the camping place of the Saxons after their victory over the Danes. There is a very substantial and old church, with a great history. The earliest record of its history is given in the Domesday Survey, which states



WHITE HORSE

that in 968 A.D. King Edgar bestowed this church for the use of the Nuns dwelling there; the gift included nearly the whole of the parish of Edington. The monastery stood on the north side, and the wall of the north aisle formed one side of the Cloistergarth. The entrance into the church from the Monastery was by the doorway into the north aisle. An underground passage led from the Monastery to the Monks' chapel; under this chapel are buried several Monks. When Henry 8th fell out with the Pope,

he destroyed the Monastery and turned the Monks out to live as best they could. The burial ground all around the church is of a very ancient date with tombstones almost wasted away by age; families have died out of existence, and a yewe tree eleven hundred years old is still growing (the age is told by rings formed every year on the tree). This is supposed to be the county church yard Thomas Gray had in view when he wrote his elogy in a county church yard, as the Curfew Bell is right opposite and rings at 8 p.m. each evening for five minutes, keeping up the old custom.

"The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

* * * * *

Beneath those rugged elms, that yewe trees shade,
Where leaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

* * * * *

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrows oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their team a-field,
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

* * * * *

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

* * * * *

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

BATH.—This city was so named on account of the baths it contains. It is about 20 miles from Sutton Veney and not far from Bristol. It is not so large as Bristol, but is very picturesque and at one time was the most fashionable watering place in England on account of the baths which are supplied by a mineral spring, which is 80 degrees Farenheit all the year round. As far back as the year 900 B.C. the Britons came there from the surrounding districts to bathe in a swamp in order to cleanse themselves of diseases, then when the Romans conquered that part they put a stone wall around the swamp, cleaned it out for a depth of six feet, paved the bottom and the sides, and made it their swimming place. At the present time the ruins of the Roman walls and statues are still there. The bath is full of all kinds of pretty fish. The present baths, four in all, are built on the same principal and are connected with the leading hotels, the water being supplied them through pipes. The baths are 26 yards long, 7

yards wide, and vary from three to six feet in depth, and are paved at the sides and bottom. Tourists come from London and other parts to bathe in them during the summer months, especially people suffering from rheumatism as the mineral that is in the water is good for various complaints. Bath Abbey, better known as the Venerable Abbey, dates back to the year 676, but, improved from time to time, is now a magnificent building. Historically the Church of Bath stands high amongst English ministers. It witnessed the coronation of the first King of all England, and Kings and Queens have lodged within its walls. There are over 600 monumental tablets and a greater number of monuments than any other church in England save Westminster Abbey. It will astonish some readers to know that the number of burials within this Abbey between the years 1744 and 1844 were 3,879, the last internment taking place on the 29th of June, 1845. The epigram on Dr. Harrington's monument reads:—

"These walls so full of monument and bust,
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust."

On the front wall outside, on either side of the doorway, there are images of Jacob's ladder with figures of Angels going up and down same, but they look peculiar at the present time, as when Oliver Cromwell came into power he said such images looked like idolatary, and got the heads cut off the Angels, and disfigured other images as well. The Bath Museum has as good a show of antiquities as most museums in England. There, lying in glass cases, are two embalmed bodies of Roman ladies supposed to be 2000 years old, their hands and finger nails are just the same as when they died, and their teeth quite good. There are to be seen there every kind of Roman spear, sword, and battle axe.

Sydney Gardens, which cover many acres, are very pretty. Bath from Beechen Cliff presents a fine sight. The town of Salisbury is about 20 miles from Sutton Veney, on the Avon River. It contains one of the finest Cathedrals in England and the unstinted praise bestowed upon it is well deserved, the beautiful and peaceful situation, the wonderful harmony of the building, and the marvellous spire, are all most impressive and charm the visitor. The history of the See begins with the foundation of the bishopic of Sherborne in 705. The city then was two miles away from its present site in a place called the Old Sarum, where the ruins of a castle still exist. This city had two moates around it, one around the castle, the other around the city. It was well fortified. The old well still exists. In company with eight other men, I left Sutton Veney on the morning of April 22nd (Easter Tuesday), reaching Paddington station, London, about mid-day, a distance of 70 miles. On the way we passed through Westbury, Eddington, Pratton, Lavington, Patney, Chirton, Pewsey, Savernake, Hungerford, Newsbury, Reading, Twyford, Marden Head, crossed the Thames at Taplow, saw Windsor Castle, at Windsor. The King was there as the flag was flying. We then passed Slough, Langley, West Brayton, Hayes, Southall, Hanley, West Earling, Carling, Brodeney, Acton West, Bourne Park; Then Paddington, London. From Paddington we took the 40-foot underground train to Charring Cross, then the 20-foot underground on to St. James's Park, and took 'bus from there to the War Chest Club, Westminster, where we had dinner, after which we went to St. Prancas station to take train for Lincoln. On the way we passed Parliament Square, and

the statue of Disraeli was covered with wreaths, it being the anniversary of his death. We reached Lincoln at 6 p.m. having changed trains at Nottingham. Lincoln was an old Roman town surrounded by a wall. Some remains of the wall still exist and the remains of an old castle are still to be seen. The Cathedral, which is a Norman structure, is a very fine building quite as large as that at Salisbury, but not so imposing. In the grounds at the back of the Cathedral there is a fine statue of Lord Tennyson, standing up looking at a leaf in his hand, a wolf hound sitting at his feet looking up at the leaf. This city was Tennyson's birth place, and is the ninth largest city in England, which run in order as follows: London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Hull, Bradford and Lincoln. We went to a fair consisting of sheep, bulls, and machinery. There were 360 Red Lincoln bulls; the first prize bull sold at 600 guineas, others at 400 guineas, 105, 125, 205 down to 40 guineas. Sheep sold at 20 to 40 guineas a-piece. It was considered a poor sale. There was also another kind of a fair, consisting of all kinds of amusements, merry-go-rounds such as you never see in Australia, and a hundred other things. The company travels all over England and give the takings of one day and night to the local hospital, in each place. The takings here for the hospital amounted to £700. Thousands of people attend each day and night. The fair was held in a hollow, and by standing on a hill in the street at 8 p.m. when the place was lit up by electric lights the sight was something charming. We went to a farm at Barton, two miles off, a portion of the Monson Estate. The portion we saw rented being 1000 acres, carrying 300 head of cattle, 700 sheep and cultivation; 44 dairy cows—average 2 gallons 5 pints a day. There are sold every year 100 head of cattle, mostly bulls at £10 a head to the Argentine, in South America. Fifty men are employed all the year round and their wages average £1 15s. a week; they find themselves in food. A man 35 years old had been there at the one work looking after sheep since he was 12 years old; his father had worked there for 60 years. From Lincoln we went to Leeds (population 300,000), in Yorkshire, the largest city in that county, on the Ayr River, a tributary of the Ouse. A canal runs from Leeds to Liverpool (50 miles). There is a Cathedral, also an old church. The whole yard around this church is covered with graves and each grave has a tombstone lying flat upon it. The whole of the ground is paved with tombstones, and between each row there is a narrow strip of ground, in which flowers are planted. I do not think another yard could be found like it in all England. There is a fine bronze statue (which cost an immense sum) of the Black Prince on horseback in the centre of the city. A train runs from Leeds to the town of Wakefield, nine miles away, where there are a number of coalpits. The town has a population of 50,000 people, and is on the road from London to York. Market Square, once called the bull ring, is in the centre of the town. At one time a gate was erected across the street at this place, which is right on the road mentioned, and a story is told that Dick Turpin, when on his 350-mile ride from London to York on a mare called Black Bess jumped this gate which was six feet high. After spending three days in Leeds we went to Bradford by train, 10 miles, and saw some of the woollen mills. We saw the wool treated from its rough state, right through until it came out in cloth. Some thousands of men and women

were employed there. Bradford has a population of 150,000 people, is half the size of Leeds, and has some very fine buildings, nice trams and beautiful semi-circular gardens, some fine statues of public men are also to be found in this city. While there I met a man who wore eight medals, one being the Victoria Cross. His name was Robert Smythe, was born in London, May 28th, 1837, joined the Navy when nine years of age on a fishing boat, served in the Navy 25 years, was in the Indian Mutiny under Sir Robert Napier, fought at the Indian frontier under Captain Seymour, at the Boxer rising in China, the Zulu war, the Egyptian war, at the bombardment of Alexandria, the Boer war at the relief of Ladysmith, in this war as a mine sweeper, and was 77 years of age at the time. He got the V.C. for jumping into the sea and saving the captain and six men by putting a rope



ROBERT SMYTHE

around them. The boat on which they were was torpedoed. While in the water he was shot twice. The King pinned on the V.C. at Buckingham Palace. He gets a pension of 4s. 6d. a day. Colonel Bennett, of Tressil-

lien House, Cornwell, and who spent some time in China and India, but never saw active service, gets £400 a year pension. Robert Smythe, in addition to his military career, went with a search party organised by Lady Franklin to the North Pole to find traces of her husband. He was with the party who found Sir John Franklin's watch and spoons. The vessel got wrecked and he with others had to walk and pull the sledges one thousand miles to Hudson Bay, as all the dogs had died and their flesh had to be eaten for food. He gave me his photo. which appears here. He was at this time living with his married daughter. On the return journey we stayed in London two days, and at night I heard a debate in the House of Commons on agriculture, Winston Churchill and Austin Chamberlain took part in it.

On Monday morning, May 12th, in company with twelve men in charge of Captain Bisdee, of Tasmania, I left Sutton Veney for Quintrell Downs, a farming community in Cornwell. On the way we passed through Bristol, where we changed trains, then on to Exeter, Dawlish, Plymouth (stopping three hours), then on to Portsmouth. After leaving there we crossed the Tamer River and were in Cornwell. We proceeded some distance through this country and got out at Quintrell Downs and were met by different people who took two of us to their places and accommodated us with the best of everything, free of charge. In company with Lieutenant Thornton, of Victoria, who belonged to the Flying Corps, we were the guests of Mr. Rundle, of Colan Barton. Cornwell is one of the prettiest counties in England, and one of the wealthiest. The farmers are all in good circumstances, and many of them have model farms. The Cornish people who have come to Australia are mostly of the mining class, and are inclined to boast a little of their ability, but not so the Cornish farmer—he will show you his methods of working the farm and explain everything to you without any boast. They have descended from the ancient Briton, and possess no traits of the Saxon, Norman or Dane origin. They are intelligent and generous to a degree. We had various trips by motor 'bus and on foot to different places, one being to the city of Truro, where a market was held. The cattle were sold by weighing them, and one bullock brought as high a price as £80. Truro is the cathedral town of Cornwell. The Cathedral is quite equal to most of the buildings of its kind in England. One of our hosts was a man named Thomas Cardwell, he has a fine place, and being possessed of a motor car he took a delight in driving us about. One place he took us to was the town of New Quey, on the Atlantic Ocean, where the beach is very rugged. Another place of interest was St. Maugan, which dates back to the fifth century. An old church built 1370 still exists; a christening font in it dates back to the year 1066; the pulpit dates 1553. This part was at one time a Roman Catholic community and a nunnery is still to be seen in which twelve nuns live. There is also an Alms House close by. One place we went to was called Tressillien House, owned by Colonel Bennett, a retired colonel. He possessed a beautiful orchard, garden, park, and a pond with wild ducks in it. Another old place owned by Mr. Thomas, the Manor House, built 1572, called Trevice Newlyon, was a fine farm possessing horses worth from £100 to £300 each, sheep worth £30 each, and cattle worth £60 a-piece. A crop of mangles the year previous produced 93 tons to the acre. In one window of this old house there are 576 panes of glass, and chimneys 6 feet wide. In one part there

is a dungeon in which prisoners were kept at one time. On Monday morning, May 19, we left Cornwell for Sutton Veney, arriving there at night. We were seen off the station of Quintrell Downs by Mr. Cardwell and the trip by train was one of the best I had experienced. We came out of Cornwell into the County of Devonshire, at Plymouth, stopped there a while, then two engines were put on to the train and it became an express for the rest of the journey. The trip down to Bristol was one scene of continued beauty, passing through Newton, then Dawlish, out into the country with beautiful fields covered with flowers in full bloom, valleys full of grass, woods and hills further back, trees in full bloom, the rooks building their nests, the doves cooing and the cucoo flying from tree to tree, as we sped through the pretty villages of Powdern East, Cannon, Storke, Silverton, Cullumpton, Tiverton Junction and Exeter, where we stayed a while, then out of Devonshire into the County of Somerset and passed Wellington, where the Duke once had an estate. A large monument is erected on top of a hill there. From Wellington we entered the city of Taunton. Stopped there 10 minutes, then on through Durston to Bridgewater, where the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth set out on his rebellion against James 2nd, then through the villages of Uphill, Purdon, Cheddre Valley, where cheese is made in large quantities and into Bristol. Somerset is a county of great beauty, but not so picturesque as Devonshire. While in Bristol we saw the Cathedral (a fine building), College Green Gardens, and several other places of interest. It is a larger city than Bath, but not nearly so pretty. From there we came through Bath, Westbury and Warminster to Sutton Veney.

Another trip by motor car was to Frome, eight miles away. Passing through the Marquis of Bath's estate, called Long Leat, where there is a fairly large lake (part natural, part artificial). Some deer run over portions of the estate. There is a very old mansion on it, containing 365 windows, 52 doors, 12 passages, these representing the days, weeks and months of the year. The King occasionally pays a visit here on a pheasant shooting expedition. The Marquis owns all the land right into Sutton Veney. There are three villages on the estate, which are also his. Frome is on the River Frome, a tributary of the Avon. A market was held there the day we went, calves, two to four months old sold at £11 to £15; pigs weighing 200lbs. sold at £18; a draught horse, 10 years old, 90 guineas; fowls and goats sold at big prices. Frome is a fairly old town, as a church there dates back to the reign of Stephen in the twelfth century.

SCOTLAND

On Monday evening, January 27th, 1919, I left King's Cross station, London, at 8 p.m. for Edinburgh, Scotland, and reached there at 6.30 a.m. next morning, having travelled all night, passing through the towns of Peterborough, Grantham, Doncaster, York and Darlington, where Stevenson worked his first railway engine; then on to Newcastle, and crossed the border at Berwick about 3.30 a.m.; then went on through other towns to Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. Snow was falling when we arrived and continued throughout the forenoon. The first sight you get on your arrival after leaving the station and going out into the street is the statue of Sir Walter Scott, and it is one of the finest in Great Britain, 350 feet high, with winding steps inside that lead to a platform on the top. Coming from there you enter Princess street, one of the prettiest streets in the

world. Shops on one side and gardens and ravines on the other side, through which the railway line runs and divides old Edinburgh from new Edinburgh. This street is several miles long and other streets branch off it. Edinburgh might be said to be two cities—the old and the new. A drive in a motor 'bus of eight miles brings you to the Firth of Fourth Bridge. This bridge is across the arm of the sea and is one mile in length and 450 feet in height, held up by immense concrete pillars. The centre of the bridge rests on a natural rock. The train runs over this bridge, which was built in 1883, and took seven years to construct. Fifty thousand tons of steel was used in its construction, eight million rivets, two hundred and fifty tons of paint and thirty-five thousand gallons of oil. It took three years to paint it, and cost three million five hundred thousand pounds. It takes twelve men the whole year to paint it. They commence at one end January 1st, and finish at the same end on the opposite side Dec. 31st. In wet weather they work underneath, and in fine weather on the outside. A portion of the British Navy was in the bay the day I visited there. I had a good look at the outside of the Queen Elizabeth, and several other large gunboats. Edinburgh Castle is built on a rock almost precipitious on three sides, 300 feet above the surrounding valley, and 445 feet above sea level. The Castle is the most striking feature in the landscape. Apart from historic associations, which linger longer in such national strongholds than in cities, the claims of the venerable fortress as a vantage ground for sight-seers are almost unrivalled. It was fortified before the subjection of that part by the Romans, and was called the Fortress of the Hill of Agnes. The only approach to this Castle is on the eastern side, where you are ascending for some distance until you reach the entrance by the Gothic doorway; entering by this gate you reach the spacious parade ground, where regiments stationed in the Castle are drilled. In the course of excavations here fifty years ago, various interesting relics of successive periods were unearthed, principally coins, some dating as far back as the eighth century. Glancing through the railing you get a glimpse of the deep valley, which, till the early years of the present century, was a swamp known as the Nors Loch. A moat and a draw bridge once existed at the outer gateway. From the draw bridge you gradually ascend, going round and round up the rock, and at the top you get the finest view in Scotland from the Mons Meg Battery. Passing the inner barrier, you reach the Portcullis gate, surmounted by the Argyle Tower. The remains of the hinges of the gates are still fixed in the wall. The tower was used as a State prison till near the close of last century. The Armoury contains specimens of armour and weapons of great historic interest. In the brown room, enclosed in a glass case, are the Crown, Sceptre, Sword of State and Records of Parliament. These were locked up in an oak chest for over one hundred years, when, at the instigation of Sir Walter Scott, the chest was opened, and the articles placed for public inspection. The form of the crown is remarkably elegant, it weighs 56 ounces. The present diadem dates back to Robert Bruce's establishment as King of Scotland, after the victory at Bannockburn in 1314. Between the crown room and the Parliament hall are the rooms used by Mary Queen of Scots, her parlour, and adjoining same her bedroom—where James 1st was born. From the window of this bedroom a splendid view can be obtained of the old town. Parliament Hall, erected 1314, is closely

connected with the history of the Stuart Kings. In this hall is exhibited an interesting collection of Scottish weapons and armour. It is intended to use this hall for military festivals, beneath this hall the French prisoners of the Peninsular war were lodged. After leaving here I went to Holyrood Palace, which is a short distance outside the old city. It has nice gardens and walks around it and there are some hundreds of rooms in the building. I saw the room where Rizzio, Mary Queen of Scots' Italian secretary fell. The murder was committed at the instigation of Darnley, Mary's husband, who was jealous of him, early in the year 1566. A secret staircase leads up to this room, and it was by this staircase the murderers came. Some dark stains on the floor are said to be Rizzo's blood. Henry Glassford Bell, in his poem, "Mary Queen of Scots," describes this palace exactly as you see it to-day.

"I looked far back into other years, and lo! in bright array
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.
It was a stately convent with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walls, where soft the footstep falls;
And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadow passed,
And, all around, the noon-day sun a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save from the cloister dim
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth when all its prospects please;
And little recked they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs;—
And little even the loveliest thought, before the holy shrine,
Of royal blood and high descent from the ancient Stuart line:
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight;
And as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light."

This is the palace that poem referred to. After leaving Holyrood Palace and going into the old St. Giles' Cathedral, and the Chapel of the Thistle, you pass a stone on the side of the street with a heart carved on it, and this is what Sir Walter Scott calls the "Heart of Midlothia."

St. Giles' Cathedral is the most picturesque and striking building in the old town of Edinburgh. No ecclesiastical edifice in the Kingdom has passed through so many vicissitudes and still survives in dignity and grandeur. As early as the ninth century it was established. At the reformation the interior was defaced and robbed of its artistic adornments after which it was divided into four separate churches. On the ledge at the gate of the side chapel is a tablet marking the spot where Jenny Geddes threw her stool at Dean Hanney when reading the liturgy, July 23rd, 1637. The tablet bears the following inscription:—"Constant oral tradition affirms that near this spot a brave Scotchwoman, Janet Geddes, on July 23rd, 1637, struck the first blow in the great struggle for freedom of conscience which after a conflict of half a century ended in the establishment of civil and religious liberty." At the back of this church is a quadrangle in the centre of which is the grave of John Knox, at one corner is a fine statue of Charles 2nd on horseback. Passing from here you come to the old House of Parliament now used as a barristers' quarters and in what was the Assembly Rooms they walk up and down having a smoke, etc., at from

10 a.m. to 12 a.m. in the morning. There is a continual promenade in this room. Different men come in and go out to other rooms after taking recreation. From here you come to the corner of a street and where shops now stand, was the house in which Darnley was killed and blown up with gunpowder. His wife was suspected of being connected in this affair on account of his killing Rizzio. The museum compares with any in the Empire. Ramsey Lodge, where visitors stay, is a fine place and has a splendid library. In the new town of Edinburgh are many fine statues, gardens and buildings. After leaving Edinburgh we go over the Firth of Fourth Bridge and pass Loch Leven Castle in Kinross, which is built on an island in the centre of the lake, the castle in which Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned for a time after the battle of Carbery Hill, 1568; and from where she escaped by the aid of a boatman named Douglas, who after locking up the doors of the Castle, threw the keys into the lake. We came into the old capital town of Perth, a fair-sized city, situated on the fine River Tay. Three miles from there is the township of Scone. The old township is a mile further away, and nearby is the old castle and estate owned by private people. On a stone at this castle the Scottish Kings were crowned, until Edward 1st carried the stone to England. The old village was bought out by the owner of the estate some years ago, and the new one created—all that remains belonging to the public is the burial ground. The estate owner offered to buy this piece of ground and remove all the earth to a depth of ten feet, but the people objected, so he erected a stone wall on three sides of it to a height of eight feet. The one part facing the road has no wall, some burials still take place there, as the land is owned by them; their ancestors being buried there for generations. The oldest readable stone is four hundred years of age, whilst there are stones older but not legible. The old St. John's Church in Perth is still divided into three parishes, but it is proposed to make it one united church in honour of the soldiers of that part who fell in the war. There will not be a pane of glass in one window but what will bear the name of a fallen soldier. Leaving Perth the day following, on my visit to Aberdeen, I got out of the train for a few hours at Dundee, a fair-sized city on the Tay River. A little way out of the city is the great Tay Bridge, an iron structure of an immense size and two miles in length. The train runs over it. Some of the pillars of the old bridge are still to be seen; they tell of a sad tragedy. On a dark night, Sunday, December, 1879, a passenger train coming from Edinburgh to Dundee, supposed to be carrying from 150 to 200 people, was delayed through the afternoon by heavy storms that were raging, and the driver anxious to make up time entered the bridge travelling at full speed. When about three parts of the way over, the storm raging at its highest, the bridge broke and the train fell into the river, and every soul was lost. Some of the carriages when found were buried 10 feet in the soft mire. The same engine is still running on the suburban lines around Dundee. Leaving Dundee and proceeding on to Aberdeen, you pass through Arbraoth on the North Sea, and from there get a glimpse of the Bell Rock, a few miles in from the harbour. There is a lighthouse on top of it, but during the war no lights were lit on account of being an attraction for submarines and aeroplanes. A man-of-war was wrecked on it two years previously, during a dark night. Some pieces of the wreck was to

be seen there, when I passed. The rock is better known by Thomas Southey's poem in the Fourth Class School Book, where Sir Ralph the Rover, a sea pirate, cut the Inchcape Bell that was erected on it to warn ships that they were near danger, and was afterwards himself wrecked upon it and drowned with all his crew. The next place of interest is the town of Montrose, where the train crosses over a bridge, erected over a wash-back which runs inland six miles, and from there to Stonehaven and into Aberdeen, the granite city on the Dean River. I reached there at mid-day and stayed until next morning. A person who fails to admire this city is one possessed of a strange mind. It is a city that is uniform from one part to the other, there being as it were no slums, and nearly all the buildings composed as they are of granite have an appearance about them that is at once striking. The streets are exceptionally clean. The shop-keepers have the appearance of being well to do, the people are most obliging in every way, and the young people were full of mirth and all well dressed. I was inclined to think for a while that I had landed in a city in Paradise. The University and Mitchell Tower are very fine buildings. From the Tower you get a good view of the city and the North Sea. A deal of fishing takes place during the summer months. The trams which are very pretty are also very fine to ride in. This city, taking it all through, can be classed as one of the best in the world. I left there the following morning for Inverness, the principal city of the Highlands. Passing through a number of towns on the way we came to a town called Huntly on the River Deveron, and this is the boundary town between the lowlands and the highlands. It was snowing from here on, and the train began to gradually ascend. After passing mountain locks and scenery we circled round Balmoral and Loch na Garr. Lord Byron describes this lake well in his poem which reads:—

"Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icey car,
Clouds, there, encircle the forms of my fathers,
They dwell in the tempest of dark Loch na Garr.

Yet, Caledonia, beloved are they mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war,
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr."

Coming into a large town called Elgin, where a market was being held, nearly all the passengers got out, the train was then shunted on to the highland coast railway line, and from here we proceeded, viewing some fine mountain scenery on the coast side. We then came into Culloden Moore, which extends for miles. We passed right through a portion of the old battlefield. Some of the cairns where the chiefs were buried are still to be seen. On the 16th April, 1746, a decisive battle was fought in which the Scottish forces were totally defeated. Prince Charlie, a son of James the Pretender, was endeavouring to win back for the Stuarts the Crown of Scotland, and his chief supporter was Donald Cameron of Lochiel. They were opposed by the Duke of Cumberland, second son of George 2nd, who for his acts of cruelty after the war was called the "Butcher." The Prince was obliged to save himself by fleeing from the field and concealing

himself as best he could. A woman named Flora McDonald hid him in her house for some time, and dressing him in her clothes got him safely on a boat and he reached France. A reward of £30,000 was offered for his arrest and although his hiding place was known to fifty different persons, mostly poor peasants, not one of them would betray him, notwithstanding the large reward which meant a fortune to them, and this has gone down to their credit for ever. Flora McDonald's name has also gone down to posterity, a fine statue of her standing up with her hand resting on the head of a Black Retriever dog, is outside Inverness Town Hall. While the train was passing through the battlefield, an old fiddler, well-known as Jimmy the Fiddler through the highlands, was playing some fine tunes, including Scotch reels and Scotch jigs. He was standing in the corridor and playing away as the snow was falling. At about 11 a.m. in the day and when we came into the battlefield, he played that tune "Lochiel's Warning," by Thomas Campbell, and I could almost hear the violin saying the words—

"Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day,
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array;
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the Clans of Culloden are scattered in fight;

A steed comes at morning, no rider is there,
But it's bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep! Albyn! To death and captivity led,
Oh, weep, but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave,

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day,
For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal.
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events casts their shadows before,
I tell thee Culloden's dread echoes shall ring,
With the blood hounds that bark for thy fugitive King,
'Tis finished; their thunders are hushed on the Moore;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores."

The fiddler got out at the next station called Forest Hill and the train steamed into Inverness. Inverness is a town with a population of 23,000, situated on the Ness River, close to a point where it mingles with the waters of the Moray Firth. It is the capital of the Highlands and the tourist centre so far as its natural charms are concerned. In early British times when the Druids held sway, Inverness seems to have been a place of some note, but was subject to wars from time to time by the different Chieftains and in 1229 was burnt and later on rebuilt. Within the last half century it has made great progress. Among the principal buildings may be mentioned the Town Hall, a handsome building with lofty pinnacles; Library and Museum, the former containing eight thousand books which are a boon to local students; the Museum contains many interesting relics, including the implements of war used in the Culloden battle, also relics of Highland

or Jacobite origin. The Castle was used by the Y.M.C.A. during the war, and is a very massive stone building. When festivities are held in the month of September a portion of the castle is used for dancing, but only the cream of the land are allowed to these dances. The traffic suspension bridge across the river was built from 1850 to 1855, cost £26,000, and from the centre of this bridge you get a beautiful view up and down the stream. The Tomnahurich cemetery is situated on a hill two miles out of the town. The top of the hill in which are buried a number of distinguished men is 200 feet above sea level and from the bottom upwards are graves kept in beautiful condition and some of the monuments are veritable truimphs of taste and art. A carriage drive goes right to the top by a winding path which goes in and out among the graves. From the top of this hill you get a fine view in every direction on the south side of the town, and on the north the Caledonian Canal, and looking away in the north-west one gets a view of the hills and valleys of Glencoe, noted for the massacre of the McDonald family in the year 1695, by a band of soldiers, who, pretending to be friends of the McDonalds, lived with them for a fortnight in a friendly manner, and watching an opportune time rose up and killed forty of the Clan, including the chief, others who escaped into the mountains perished through cold and hunger. This act of barbarity, performed in the reign of William 3rd, on account of McDonald not having signed the oath of fealty to the new King, is still green in the minds of the Scottish Highlanders.

I left Inverness at 4 p.m. on the day of my arrival for Perth, going back by another route and passing through another part of the Culloden battlefield, saw the Cumberland stone on which the Duke stood and watched the battle. We then crossed over the Grampian Mountains at an elevation of 1,500 feet, the highest railway line in Scotland. On a fine day, from the top of this mountain, you can get a good view of the peak of Ben Lomond, but being night time and snow falling we could not see it. The snow lays on this part for nine months in the year. Reaching Perth at 9 p.m., where I stayed for the night, leaving there the next morning for Edinburgh, I passed an old toy shop and on the wall was written: "The fair maid of Perth." This old building had some connection with the writing of Sir Walter Scott's book, "The Fair Maid of Perth." On the way to Edinburgh I got out at Sterling for two hours, had an outside view of the great Castle on the hill, also a high monument on top of a hill which has been erected to the memory of William Wallace. After walking a distance of three miles, passing through a village called Stainiens, I came to the old battlefield of Bannockburn, where Bruce defeated Edward 2nd, first Prince of Wales, 1314. Bannock is the name of the hill and Burn the name given to a creek, one of which runs through a part of the field; hence the name Bannockburn. In Bruce's time this part was called the New Park and was covered with trees. An old Roman road runs through the centre of the field on the right hand side of which there is erected a flagpole and a guardhouse. This is the spot Bruce erected his standard by putting a flagpole in a stone about three feet square, in the centre of which he chiselled a hole. This stone is still there preserved in an iron cage. At the time of my visit there were several New Zealanders, descendants of Scottish parents present, and the caretaker explained the whole battle to

us, and the following is his story, as near as I can recollect:—"This is where Bruce stood and watched the battle. Over there to the right is a clump of trees—that is the spot where Sir Henry De Boune fell; he, anxious to please Edward, and thinking he would bring the battle to a finish before it commenced by killing the King, galloped his great war horse right towards him. Bruce at first thought he was coming as a friend, but seeing the sword in his hand and buckled up in war apparel as he was, he said to himself, he means business, and so do I. Just as De Boune came near him, he pulled his palfrey to one side, avoided the spear and rising in his stirrups drove his battle axe into his skull and killed him. His horse galloped on. Some of Bruce's men seeing this came up to him, and said, 'Take heed and come away or you will surely be killed,' but Bruce calmly replied, 'I care for none of them, but what I sorely regret is I have lost mine battle axe.' Perhaps some of you are not familiar with Sir Walter Scott's poem, 'The Death of De Boune.' I will repeat it to you:—

"The Monarch rode along the van,
The foe's approaching force to scan,
His line to marshal and to range,
And ranks to square, and fronts to change.
Alone he rode—from head to heel
Sheathed in his ready arms of steel;
Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight,
But, till more near the shock of fight,
Reining a palfrey low and light.
A diadem of gold was set
Above his bright steel basinet;
And clasped within its glittering twine
Was seen the glove of Argentine;
Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,
Bearing, instead, a battle-axe.
He ranged his soldiers for the fight
Accoutred thus, in open sight
Of either host.—Three bow-shots far,
Paused the deep front of England's war,
And rested on their arms a while,
To close and rank their warlike file,
And hold high council, if that night
Should view the strife, or dawning light.
Oh, gay, yet fearful to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle-front! for there
Rode England's King and Peers:
And who, that saw that Monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,
Could then his direful doom foretell?—
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,

And in his sprightly eye was set
Some sparks of the Plantagenet.
Though light and wandering was his glance,
It flashed at sight of shield and lance.
"Know'st thou," he said, "De Argentine,
Yon knight who marshals thus their line?"
"The tokens on his helmet tell
The Bruce, my liege: I know him well."—
"And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave?"—
"So please my liege," said Argentine,
"Were he but horsed on steed like mine,
To give him fair and knightly chance,
I would adventure forth my lance."—
"In battle day," the King replied,
"Nice tourney rules are set aside.—
Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
Set on him!—sweep him from our path!"
And, at King Edward's signal, soon
Dashed from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.

Of Hereford's high blood he came,
A race renowned for knightly fame.
He burned before his Monarch's eye
To do some deed of chivalry.
He spurred his steed, he couched his lance,
And darted on the Bruce at once.—
As motionless as rocks that bide
The wrath of the advancing tide,
The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high,
And dazzled was each gazing eye:
The heart had hardly time to think,
The eyelid scarce had time to wink,
While on the King, like flash of flame,
Spurred to full speed, the war-horse came!
The partridge may the falcon mock,
If that slight palfrey stand the shock;—
But swerving from the knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunned the spear.
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course—but soon his course was o'er!
High in his stirrups stood the King,
And gave his battle-axe the swing.
Right on De Boune, the whiles he passed,
Fell that stern dint—the first, the last!
Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crashed like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
Was shivered to the gauntlet grasp!
Springs from the blow the startled horse,

Drops to the plain the lifeless corse.—
First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!"

"Over the left hand side of the road, is the flat where Bruce caused a number of pits to be dug and covered with turf and other material, so that it looked quite level, but was in reality like a piece of honeycomb. Further on across the burn on the rising ground is where Edward took his stand, and giving the cavalry men orders to gallop on the enemy and cut them down, they came to this flat and into the holes they went. Then the Scotch had them at their mercy. At the time this was taking place, Bruce gave a signal to his camp followers to come on. They came over yonder hill past where De Boune fell—about 15,000 old men, women and children and carrying tent poles, banners of sheets, blankets and other things. It looked to Edward as if a new army was coming to Bruce's assistance, and Bruce shouting his warcry charged in person, and all the divisions advanced at the one time, and the English were scattered in complete route. There was so many slain in the burn that they formed a bridge and stopped the water from flowing. The stream was a big dam of blood and over this bridge of human beings the Scotch crossed and followed the English. Edward fled to the seashore, riding a powerful war horse. The good Lord James and some others followed him, but their horses were no' so good as his; but when he got to the sea he had to wait for a boat to come to the shore to take him away. He got into the boat and rowed away. They swam their horses in as far as possible, reached out but could not catch him and he escaped, never troubling Scotland any more. That battle gave Scotland her independence for ever, and about thirty thousand English lay and rotted over this field, which grew good crops for a great number of years. So instead of Edward taking the so-called King of Scotland, as he styled him, back to England in chains, he very near got caught himself. And now, gentlemen, that is the story of Bannockburn."

I left Sterling at three o'clock that afternoon, reaching Edinburgh at 5.30 p.m., where I stayed for the night, and left next morning for Glasgow, which was reached at 11 a.m. Sunday. Glasgow is a larger city than Edinburgh and is the most important city in Scotland. It has large dock yards eight miles out of the city, on the Clyde River, where some of the largest vessels of the world are made. It has various manufactories of other articles and there is a population of 150,000. This city has some very fine statues, especially those of the Queen Victoria and her husband, and King Edward 7th; also some fine Government buildings, including Universities and city halls. In the afternoon had a three-mile ride on a tram, then walked two miles further on through the old golf links (150 years old) to a place where Agricola, the Roman Governor constructed a chain of forts (A.D. 81) from the Firth of Fourth to the Firth of Clyde, for the purpose of keeping back the Northern Tribes. Some of the old stones which constituted these forts are still to be seen. At every mile there were stationed men to give the signal when the Northern tribes were advancing. A good view of Ben Lomond, a peak in the Grampians, is seen from here, also Kilpatrice Hills with several extinct volcanoes, and

Loch Lomond, are visible. After spending the night in Glasgow, left next morning at 8 a.m. for London, reaching there at 8 p.m., passed by the Solway Firth then Gretna Green (where runaway marriages were performed to some extent in years gone by, and are carried on at the present day but not to any extent). The couple walk past a blacksmith who strikes the anvil with a hammer in the presence of two witnesses, they are then married, and no law court in the British Empire can upset the marriage. As an instance of what happened a few years ago a man got married at Gretna Green, and some time afterwards left his wife. Five years had gone by when his wife saw an announcement of his engagement to another woman in a society paper. She raised an objection to the marriage and claimed to be his legal wife. The court upheld her objection to his marriage, and having become wealthy he was ordered to pay his wife £500 a year for the five years he had left her and £500 a year as long as she lived. After passing through Gretna Green we came to the large town of Carlisle, just across the English border, in the County of Cumberland. Coming on then through Leeds (in Yorkshire), Sheffield, Trent, Leicester and into London. The following afternoon before leaving for Weymouth a thick fog came over the city; at 3 p.m. the shops had to be lit up with electric lights. In Oxford street a large number of oversea soldiers were being demobilised to go home. This establishment was formerly a large drapery place owned by a firm of Jews under the name of Moses and Sons.

WALES.

On Monday, June 23rd, 1919, in company with 400 Australians and 200 New Zealanders, men principally belonging to the Agriculture Schools, I left Warminster by rail for Cardiff, in Wales; reached Bristol, where we changed trains; then went under the Severn tunnel. This tunnel goes underground for two miles, then under the River Severn for three miles, then underground for two miles more, making seven miles in all. The River Severn is very wide here, as it is close to the mouth where it enters the Bristol Channel. We stopped a while at Newport, then on to Cardiff, stopping there a while. Changed trains and went on nine miles to the town of Barry, where we got out and walked two miles to a camp consisting of huts and tents, beds and food being supplied us. Barry is in the County of Glanmorganshire and has a population of 30,000. Shortly after our arrival 100 Canadians and 100 South Africans arrived. We went there to see the Royal Agricultural Show, which was being held at Cardiff, the first since the war. It opened on Tuesday and closed Saturday, so that five days were devoted to the show. I spent three out of the five at the show, the other two I spent in Blania some distance away. We went by train each morning to the show and back by train in the evening, dinner and supper being supplied us on the ground. Cardiff is the metropolis of Wales and the shipping port of the finest coal in the world for steam purposes. The Germans recognised this, and just previous to the war arranged to purchase very large colliery interests in the Taff and Rhondda

Valleys, the centre of the great coal industry, but did not succeed in their venture. The colleries are still British. The Welsh coal is as near smokeless as can be, and has been invaluable to the grand fleet and all other Allied squadrons. Cardiff is situated on the Taff River, has a population of 182,180, and possesses what is said to be the finest collection of modern buildings on one site, including the Guild Hall, University, College, Welsh National Museum, Glanmorgan County Council Offices, and the Law Courts, whilst a site has been reserved for the future Parliament House of Wales, when the Principality secures Home Rule, which she does not require and probably will never get. The Infirmary has one of the largest endowments of any charitable institution in Great Britain, and is one of the best equipped and most modern in every way. The city has four great land owners, the Marquis of Bute, the Earl of Plymouth, Lord Fredegar, and the M'Intosh of M'Intosh; but the Bute influence largely predominates. The Cardiff Castle is a remarkably fine building, and contains a very fine Norman keep. It is owned by the Marquis of Bute and cost him hundreds of thousands of pounds. It is the same old castle, although improved from time to time, in which Henry 1st, over eight hundred years ago, imprisoned his brother Robert, known as Robert of Normanby, for a period of twenty-eight years, and had his eyes burnt out with a red hot needle. The show was held on a part of this estate. Here are situated amongst the factories the great Dowlais iron works, and the largest flour mills in England, that of the Spiller Bros., Ltd. The City Hall cost over a million sterilng and has a magnificent marble entrance hall, which is one of the finest in any municipal building in England, and contains a series of very fine statuary presented by the late Lord Rhondda, the man who saved England during the food crisis, when he was Food Controller. The docks are amongst the finest in the world, including the West and East Bute Docks, the Queen Alexandria, Roath Basin and Roath Dock, and close by the largest enclosed single dock in the world at Barry. There are some wonderful grape vines trained up the walls of the battlements of the castle, bearing large crops of grapes. On Tuesday and Wednesday I visited the show, where some hundreds of horses and cattle of all kinds and breeds were exhibited; some splendid varieties of pigs, sheep, goats, fowls and rabbits were also shown, and all kinds of machinery, produce and horticultural exhibits from every part of the British Dominions, except one place, Australia; that land was conspicuous by its absence. Four hundred soldiers from Australia walked through the large ground looking at exhibits from Canada, South Africa, India, Malta, Fiji and New Zealand, but saw nothing from their own land, and when enquiries were made why such was the case, they were informed that the Agent-Generals were jealous of one another; if one State had anything to produce and another State had nothing, that State through their Agent-General, would block the other State, as all must be represented. The time seems to be ripe when these men should be dispensed with and the whole of Australia worked by the one office of High Commissioner so that any product sent from Tasmania, the Gulf of Carpentaria or Mount Stuart could be sent by itself as coming from Australia. One attraction to the show for three days was the Prince of Wales; he was the guest of the Marquis of Bute and walked around the ground in comparative safety; the people rushed in all directions to see him as he moved from place to place.

The King had several exhibits—one bull took third prize. The first prize bull in that class weighed 27 cwt., a Red Lincoln Shorthorn; some South Devon cows had horns on them two feet long; the first prize boar pig in one class was sold for 250 guineas; a Shorthorn bull sold for 700 guineas, one passed in at £1000, one boar pig passed in at £600. A cob mare (a trotter) was passed in at six thousand pounds; the owner would not let her go out of the country to the Argentine. Other trotting mares sold at £1000 and upwards. Sheep sold at 125 to 290 guineas; one Billygoat sold at £120; one male rabbit, a special kind from Belgium, sold at £150; other rabbits from £50 to £100. Roosters sold at from £60 to £80. While watching these sales, a hut mate of mine from Sutton Veney remarked, "There is not one buyer here from Australia; that seems strange." "It does," I replied.

Thursday I set out for Blaina. Passing through Newport to Pontepool, where I got out and enquired of a young porter at the gate where the town was, he said, "You go a mail." I replied, "I want to walk." He said, "You turn to the right and go a mail." I said, "I do not want to go on the mail; I want to walk." He said, slightly losing his temper, "Alright, you turn to the right and walk a mail." "Oh," I replied, "I understand now; you mean I have to walk a mile." I was then some distance away from him and walking fairly fast. On coming into Portepool, I got into a back street and there seemed to be a good deal of poverty existing there, but the reason was soon evident, as within a distance of one hundred yards no less than four beer shops presented themselves. Leaving this part I got into a large street, some good shops, etc.; had dinner and then took the train by another station to Blaina, going through a valley of towns the whole route of nine miles. On either side of the valley are mountains full of coal. There are millions of tons of coal in these hills not yet taken out; the coal has a great deal to do with England being such a wealthy country. The towns along this valley are Brynwam, Comfenmwood, Neutrepora, Pentryn, Abesychan, Talywan, Nartey, Blenavon, Warenavon and Brynmour. I walked from the lastnamed to Blania two miles, in company with a man who was going further on, and coming into a town on the way, I said, "What place is this?" He replied, "This is Nanty-glo." I said, "I have heard of this place a thousand times." We stopped at an inn and had some refreshments. "Where is Crawshay Bailey, the owner of the iron works," I enquired of a young girl behind the counter. "I could not say where he is at present; he died may years ago, before I was born," she replied. Going on a short distance further I reached Blania, a town in a valley between fairly high mountains, both full of coal; it is double the size it was sixty years ago. I was shown to the office of Mr. Cabet Lewis, cashier of all the Blania mines, as one who could supply me with information of the past. I found him a most gentlemanly man; his son and another man were in the office with him. I told him who I was, etc. He became very interested in me, and said he did not come there until 1864, but showed me where to find the old company store—now private houses. He showed me a hill called "The Tip" where on the top is situated the old school. A large coal mine is right alongside the buildings, which are now private houses. After having a look at the old store and the old school, I came back into the main street and went into an hotel called "The Rolling

Mill." The name of this hotel was familiar to me as at one time it was kept by Mr. Williams, a son of Williams, the Chartist, who with Frost and Jones was transported to Tasmania, for being the leaders of a perfectly justifiable rising; they demanded six alterations in the legislature at that time; four have come to pass, the other two are not required. In the days when the Chartist rose up, men were working 14 hours a day for a bare living and many were obliged to take their boys at the age of nine and even sever years down into the pits in order to make a living; these boys got no education. I met three old men in Blania, who said they could not read or write, as they had to go into the pits when boys to help their fathers to make a living. It was up against problems such as these the Chartist rose. To-day men work eight hours only, no boy under 14 years of age is allowed to go into the mines, and then he must produce a certificate to show that he is educated up to the standard required by the Education Act. Some men on piece work make as much as £12 a week; a miner in Blania to-day is far better off than a labourer in Australia; he gets more money and less hours and does not work too hard. When I entered this hotel there were 20 miners drinking pints of beer; they made a lot of me and a man who had been to the war marched me up and down the bar room, and sang a Welsh song I had often heard before, swinging his disengaged arm as he went along; he was a good singer. The song ran—

"Os, streisioda oy Gelgn, f Nyuladdan eiducd, Morte and dow,
Gula Gulad Pleidise wyf im Galad,
O, Cyaded in hern iaith Barbon," etc.

After this I got away into the street and went to supper at Mr. Lewis' place. These miners drink a lot of beer an evening and go to work the next day as if nothing had happened. The beer there does not injure them, or give them a headache like Australian beer. Mr. Lewis gave me some further information about Balina and the next day, after seeing a number of old residents, I visited Mrs. Jones, a woman 84 years of age, living retired, her husband having died some years back; she was as clear in her intellect as could be, and talked in a quiet way. I met her at the gate; she said, "Come inside and sit down." Her son of a returned soldier, and her daughter were both present. She sat down and gave me a lot of information about Blaina, past and present. After having dinner with Mr. Lewis and his son, I parted with them and walked towards Abertillary. On the way I came into a town called Blman Govert, and meeting a man there, he showed me one of the oldest Baptist Churches in Wales, built 1775; a new church is alongside of it; the old one is used for a Sunday school. One thousand children attend the Sunday school, and on Whit Monday one thousand four hundred tickets were given out to children to have a feast. I had to catch the train at 5 p.m., so left them and went into Abertillary and took the train for Cardiff by another route to which I had come, going through a valley of towns until I reached Newport, where I stayed an hour, seeing the bullet holes in the posts of the verandah of the Westgate Hotel, which the Chartists fired upon; then proceeded by train from there to Cardiff and on to the camp at Barry, going the next day to the show, and back to camp at Sutton Veney on Sunday, June 29th. Close

to Cardiff is the old town of Landaff with a cathedral, which has gradually risen from the ruin and desolation of ages; it is on the right hand side of the Taff River, and at the foot of a steep slope, and above it stands the ancient but fast increasing village of Landaff, the centre of the parish with a population of 1796; the situation is one of uncommon beauty. The broad river ripples over a pebbly bed, fringed with overhanging alders. Landaff is a place of high antiquity, apart from the tradition of its early church which was established by King Lucius in the year 180 A.D., it contains many ancient buildings as well as statues, and is a very pretty place, its situation being beautiful.

IRELAND

On Friday morning, July 11th, 1919, I left Warminster by rail for London en route for Ireland, having been granted fourteen days' furlough, which was given to every soldier after Armistice, half the fare being found by the military. Having a few hours to spare in London before taking train to Fleetwood on the Irish Sea, I went on a motor 'bus to Tottenham Cross road, from there to Waltham Cross, from there to Charing Cross. The reason these places get the name of cross, is that Edward 1st wife Eleanor died in Lincolnshire, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, and these are three places where the body rested on the way from Lincolnshire to the Abbey, and the King erected the crosses as a memorial. The two former are still standing, but the lastnamed was pulled down by Henry 8th, when the monasteries were destroyed, and on the spot where it stood is erected the statue of King Charles 1st on horseback.

I left Euston Station in the afternoon for Fleetwood, passing through Stafford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare lived, then Crewe (a great junction railway station); trains for all parts of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland branch off at Crewe. After leaving there we came into Fleetwood, walked from the railway station across a platform on to the boat which sailed out at 11 p.m. After travelling all night, reached Belfast the following morning at 8 o'clock. We were met at the boat on our arrival by a lady, who invited us to breakfast at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Rest Home, and here I saw quite a lot of people—people bearing the same characteristics as those whom I knew in Australia. This busy city was decorated with Orange flags. On inquiring of a young woman who was attending the tables with others what the flags were hoisted for, she replied, "And do you not know that this is the 12th of July, the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne." I replied that it never occurred to me. "Then you cannot be an Orangeman." I said, "No, I am not." "Well, if you are not you will at least see to-day what Orangemen can do in the way of a procession." I said "I would certainly see the procession." She said, "They are going to march six miles." I replied, "If they march sixty miles I will follow them." She said "I am sure you will, I can see by the look of you." Carlisle's Circus which has been the mustering place for many years of the Orange Legions, presented an inspiring scene in the morning. While the districts and lodges were assembling, they came up with drums

beating and banners flaunting in the brisk breeze. To a stranger watching the proceedings, it seemed little short of marvellous how masses of men, thousands strong, marched into the Circus, and then seemed to disappear from the picture, but an examination of the side streets afforded an explanation; there the different columns waited according to plan (as the Germans used to say) until the word was given and they fell into their respective places in the procession just like clockwork. Soon after the procession started a shower of rain fell, but did not last long and the weather got brighter, the sun shining. The procession of one hundred thousand men and boys started at 9.30 a.m. and walked to Ballymenoch six miles; there were ten districts represented; each district had a magnificent band, and each district carried a vast quantity of banners. A large crowd of onlookers lined the whole route through the city, which was by way of Donegall street, Royal Avenue, Castle Palace, High street, Victoria street, Queen's Bridge, Newtownards road, and Holywood road. A horseman dressed in the military uniform of the past rode in front. Arriving at Ballymenoch the various districts took the places allotted to them in a large field, where all kinds of marquees, etc., were thickly dotted; the crowd enjoying themselves generally. Punctually at 1 o'clock the Grandmaster for Belfast, Colonel Wallace, C.B., took the chair. Sir Edward Carson and several others were on the platform. The chairman, who was loudly cheered outlined the procedure of the Orange institutions. "We Orangemen assemble together every succeeding 12th of July to commemorate the glorious victory of the Boyne, when William of Orange in whose name we associate, saved our forefathers from the domination of Popery and the tyranny of arbitrary power, and secured to them and to us, their descendants, up to the present the blessing of civil and religious liberty." Hearty cheering followed these words and at various other parts of his speech. Sir Edward Carson was the sixth speaker and had a tremendous reception throughout the whole of his speech, which was enthusiastically received. He moved the following resolution: "We demand the repeal of the Home Rule Act, which has been repudiated by every party in Ireland, and we confidently re-assert that a Parliamentary Union is essential for the preservation of our liberties and for the security of the British Empire." After a scathing attack on Sir Horace Plunkett and Mr. De Valera, he said, "Whenever any of your brothers and sisters go to any part of the world, especially the British Empire, they will say I am an alien, but I am a great alien; I am one of the citizens of the Irish Republic, and I owe my allegiance to Mr. De Valera, and when they ask "who is he" you will say, "He is the greatest man in the world, because he threw off the British Empire and preferred to be a citizen of a little nation—a nation great in itself, but, after all, much greater as a part of an Empire which Ireland did so much to build up, and of which we in Ulster are proud to the depths of our hearts at the present time. Yes, sir, but there is more than that. I talk of the men who are sleeping their last sleep on the plains of Flanders and France, in Mesopotamia, in Palestine, in the Balkans, and elsehere—the men who have done their share, not for the Irish Republic, but for the great British Empire; and, forsooth, the reward we are to have is that we are to give up all that they have won and we are to be false and untrue to all that they suffered in order that these rebels, prompted by ambitions of

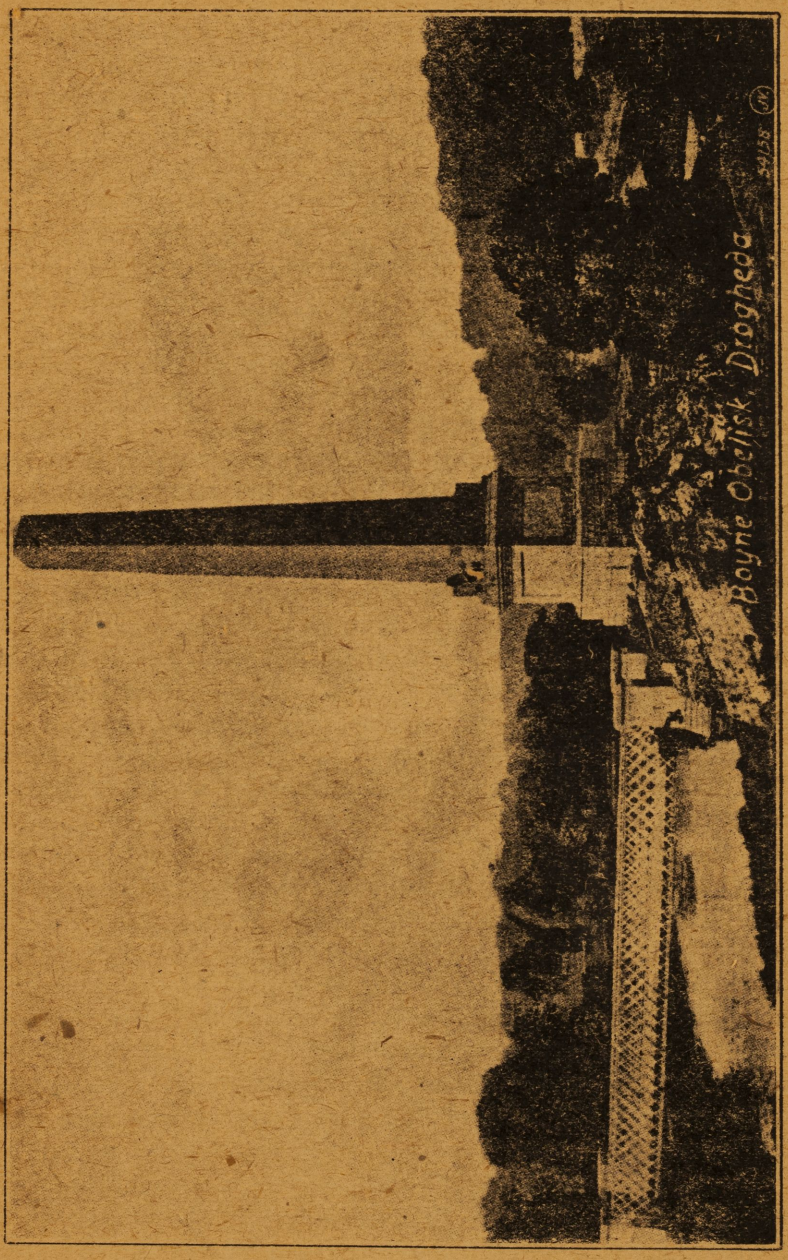
trampling upon the Protestants of the North of Ireland, may have a dot upon the map which might be represented by a pinprick. That they seem to you and to me very ridiculous, but don't let us under-estimate those that are working against us. Don't let us merely talk, let us be prepared for all and every emergency. I tell the British people from this platform here in your presence to-day—and I say it now with all solemnity—I tell them that if there is any attempt made to take away one jot or title of your rights as British citizens, and the advantages which have been won in this war of freedom, I tell them at all consequences once more, I will call out the Ulster volunteers. (Loud cheers.) And I will call upon these men to preserve the memory of the sacrifices of those who at their country's call went out and gave their lives in the service of their King and country. (Cheers.) No, sir, I am not so very much afraid of the Irish Republic. (Laughter.) It sounds very grand, and it sounds all the grander because Mr. De Valera is floating a loan at the present time in the United States. I do not know what interest he is paying, but as he says he has established his Parliament here already and his Government I should have thought the easiest way for him would have been at once to proceed to tax his subjects. Let him put an income tax for the Irish Republic on his subjects in the South and West of Ireland, and go round and collect it from the farmers and labourers who follow him. Then he will be up against the real thing. (Laughter. But there is another movement. Nobody wants Home Rule now. Across the floor of the House of Commons I made that statement the other night, and I said really it was a commentary on the wisdom of the great Radical and Nationalist party that, although the Home Rule Bill has never yet been put into force, no Radical or Nationalist or anybody else will have anything to do with it now."

After speaking to a wrapt audience in a similar strain for nearly an hour, his motion was seconded by S. M'Guffin, M.P. Some other speakers spoke, and the usual votes of thanks followed. After some sports, etc., had taken place the march back to the city commenced; it was 7 o'clock before the head of the procession reached High street, and by this time the route through the city was thronged with spectators, and traffic was entirely suspended; by 8 p.m. the end of the procession had reached the junction, where the various lodges dispersed. There was a display of fireworks in the city at night, and concerts, etc., were held. After breakfast on Sunday morning I went for a tram ride, three miles to Cave Hills, from the top of which we got a good view of the city of Belfast, and surrounding country. Belfast has one of the largest ship-building dock yards in Great Britain, and has built three of the largest vessels in the world—the Titanic which struck an iceberg off Newfoundland and sank; the Brittanic, which was sunk by the Germans in the Aegean Sea, and the Olympia, which I saw at Southampton. This city has also the largest rope, tobacco, and linen factories in the world. It has a population of 400,000 out of which 300,000 are Orangemen, the remainder, a mixed population. Cave Hill has old ruins of Druids' temples and caves, etc. It was probably from there that some of the stones at Stonehenge were obtained. After having a good look around the city which contains some very fine buildings and staying at the Y.M.C.A. for the night, I went on Monday morning through the dockyards, saw vessels being built, also saw the dry

docks where the water is let out at times; from there I went to the City Hall, a fine building with marble steps, and marble ceiling; the Council Hall, the Banqueting Hall and other rooms are in this building; it was proclaimed a city in Jubilee year, 1887. Saw the headquarters of the Orange Lodge—a fine hall, with the statue of William 3rd on horseback on the top of it dated 1690. I left Belfast at 5 p.m. on the Midland railway for Londonderry, reaching there at 8 p.m., passing through some fine country scenery, and the towns of Mosley, Antrim, Ballymena, Coleraine, where there are some large whisky stills; crossed the Bann River, the second largest river in Ireland, next to the Shannon; it is full of salmon fish. The train follows the river up about four miles, then runs for a considerable distance between the Atlantic Ocean and a range of mountains, passing through tunnels and beautiful mountain scenery right to Londonderry. Londonderry is situated on the Foyle River, has a population of 60,000 people of mixed religions. Stayed at the Soldiers' Rest Home and next morning (Tuesday) took a walk down the river, one and a-half miles; saw where the boom was placed across. It consisted of a wooden structure fixed into rings driven in the rocks at each side, and fixed to the rings by wire ropes; these rings are still to be seen in the rocks. The city was beseiged in the year 1689, for a period of eight months, the most memorable in the annals of the British Isles. It was conducted by the generals of the exiled King James 2nd whom Louis 14th of France sought to restore to the British Throne. The inhabitants of the town remained faithful to the interest of William 3rd, Prince of Orange, and under the leadership of the Rev. Geo. Walker, bravely endured the worst miseries of famine for the period mentioned, and were just on the verge of starvation when Admiral Leake came up the river with three vessels, one vessel called the Mountjoy, one the Dartmouth and one the Phoenix. The Mountjoy took the lead and went right at the boom, which cracked and gave way, but the vessel rebounded and stuck in the mud. The Dartmouth poured a broadside on the enemy who were about to board the Mountjoy and threw them into disorder. The Phoenix then dashed at the breach in the boom and broke through; the three vessels then sailed up the river and relieved the town, which had been reduced from 700 to 300 men. The enemy lost in all 800 men; out of 36 gunners 31 were killed. There is a wall all around the old town 40 feet high and 40 feet wide, with loop holes all along it at intervals, through which the besieged fired on the enemy, for eight months. There is a magnificent statue of the Rev. Geo. Walker, right opposite his church and residence. The inscription on it reads as follows:—"This monument was erected to perpetuate the memory of the Rev. Geo. Walker, who, aided by the garrison and brave inhabitants of this city, most gallantly defended it through a protracted siege—namely from December 7th, 1688, to August 12th, 1689, against an arbitrary and bigoted monarch heading an army of upwards of 20,000 men, many of whom were foreign mercenaries, and by such valiant conduct in numerous sorties, and by patiently enduring extreme privations, and sufferings, successfully resisted the besiegers and preserved for their posterity, the blessings of civil and religious liberty." There are several of the old guns along the wall, pointing through the loop holes; one given by Queen Elizabeth in the year 1595. There is a fine iron bridge over the river, built 1878; a wooden one was previously there.

The city extends for a considerable distance outside the wall all around. Before leaving the Soldiers' Rest Home, the man in charge said to me, "If you go up the wall by the steps at the main street, come back the same way, do not go down by any of the back steps, as the people living in those parts of the city do not like the uniform, and you may get into an argument; you do not mind my telling you this." I replied, "No." Such advice as he was giving me I was for ever ready to accept, and what ever steps took me up would bring me down again and they did, too. I walked right around the wall and came down where I went up and a very fine site it was. This wall of Londonderry is to the Protestants of Ulster, what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians. I left at 11 a.m. by the Great Northern Railway, passed through Carrigans, the river running on the left all the way, fields on the right, and also across the river on the left until we reached Sion Hills, where there is a large weaving factory; here we crossed on the Victoria Bridge, the river on the right as far as Newton Stewart, fields of hay and potatoes all the way and heaps of turf as far as Omagh, where there are large soldiers' barracks; the train changes here for Belfast. We continued on crossing the river several times from one side to the other until we reached Enniskilling, a military place where the Dragoons are stationed close to Lock Erne, a fine lake, then on to Lachellaw a strong Nationalist centre; yet from the spire of the Church of England there were flying the Union Jack and four Orange flags. We came on through several towns until we reached Dundalk and changed trains for Dublin, reaching Drogheda, on the Boyne River, at 5 p.m., where I got out and stayed until 8.30 p.m., seeing the great railway bridge, and then the garrison (the same place as Oliver Cromwell put to the sword in the year 1649). I met a man here who told me Cromwell killed every man, woman and child between Drogheda and Londonderry, that one street called the Street of Blood, was so named on account of the blood that ran down the gutters into the river. After leaving him I crossed the river into the town a place with about 15,000 of a population, some nice streets and houses and everything very clean. I then walked up the river two miles to the scene of the Battle of the Boyne. Shortly after leaving the town and going up the south side of the river, I met a man who said he was a Scotchman, and was having a look around Ireland. I told him what the man told me about Cromwell. He said, "It is all exaggeration. My name is Samuel Shaw. I am a descendant of Captain Shaw, who was with Cromwell in the Irish Rebellion, and was stationed for some time at Sandpits, Kilkenny, in the South of Ireland. Cromwell gave the garrison so many days to surrender, upon their refusal to do so, killed every man in it and unfortunately, some Priests, some children, and women were killed. Cromwell was a man when he said a thing he did it, and he conquered the whole of Ireland in nine months, then went and conquered Scotland at Dunbar. My family descended from the great McDuff family, who were famed for their fighting; they descended back from the Picts, and were conspicuous in all Bruce's wars, being at Bannockburn." I left him and proceeded up the river which is full of fish, and reached a bridge which is erected over the spot that William of Orange crossed from south to north, and after crossing this bridge I was on the battle ground of the Boyne; there is a high monument erected to the memory of Marshal Shornberg, a Dutch general, who fought

under William and fell there. The battle ground is now fields, with hedges around them, and some woods, and further north streams of water, woods and fields, some rising ground and villages, and it was through this part that some 20,000 French and Irish soldiers fled for their lives through the village of Dubeek, followed by the English with William at their head with an army of about half the number. During the last 48 hours of the battle William was 35 hours in the saddle. After chasing the enemy for many miles and scattering them in all directions,



William and his men made their way towards Drogheda, where they found heaps of logs, etc., piled up for the purpose of lighting bonfires, as they fully expected a victory. William and his followers set them on fire, and

the people in the distance seeing the fires thought that their side had secured a victory and commenced cheering, but only to find that things were the other way about. The news reached Dublin that William was killed and his army broken up, but only partly believed in that city, and by 2 a.m. the following morning the Protestant banners were being carried in triumph through the city, Drogheda having laid down their arms without firing a shot. James the 2nd after watching the battle from a distance fled to Dublin, upbraided the Irish for cowardice, and then fled to France and never troubled to get back the Crown of England any more. Some months after the Battle of the Boyne, James was in church in France when he heard the following words of a Psalm read: "What is come upon us, consider and behold our reproach, our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens, the crown is fallen from our heads; wherefore do'st thou forget us for ever." Not being well at the time he fell down in a fit, but recovered for a while and died later on. After this battle 10,000 young Irishmen went to France and formed a battalion in the French army known as the Irish Brigade, and greatly distinguished themselves in many French battles. It is a remarkable feature of the Irish soldier that when under generals of his own country he is ready to fly at the least reverse, and under other generals, particularly English, there is no braver fighter in the world, and he proved it in the Boer War and also in this war. After leaving the battlefield of the Boyne I went back to Drogheda and took train for Dublin; the line runs alongside the ocean which is on the left nearly all the way, and crosses the rocky roads from Dublin to Belfast. Just before reaching Dublin, there are to be seen in the ocean some fine islands, called Ryan's Islands. I stayed at the Sailors' and Soldiers' Home (opposite Trinity College), a fine building slightly better than King's College, London. There are statues of Edmund Burke, and Oliver Goldsmith in the front, and in the street further on a statue of Grattan and a statue of William of Orange on horseback. The Bank of Ireland, formerly the old Parliament House, the Law Courts, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and the Church of England Cathedral are fine buildings. In the main street called O'Connell street there is a wonderful statue of Daniel O'Connell, one of Nelson almost better than the one at Trafalgar Square. Winding steps in the inside take you up to a balcony 120 feet high, where you get a good view of the city. About one and a half million people is the population; there is a fine statue of Charles Stuart Parnell in the main street; the post office in which the Sein Feiners took refuge is right opposite Nelson's monument, but all wrecked and in course of re-building. Several streets, including Sackville street, one of the finest in the world, were badly knocked about. A lot of damage was done in the Sein Feiner's rebellion. A little way out of the city is Phoenix Park, containing 1,700 acres; a road runs right through the centre of the park, and several cross roads; a railway line goes right under it as it is situated on rising ground. There are some magnificent statues in this park, the best being that of the Duke of Wellington; there is also the Phoenix statue in the centre of the main road, also a large lake, zoological gardens, and a training ground for soldiers called the 15 acres; at one time sham fights and duels were fought there, and in very early times bull fights took place there. The residence of the Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary, are together in one part of it, and

nearly opposite these residences on the footpath are two crosses, formed in the ground, which tell of one of the darkest deeds ever done in Ireland. At 6 p.m. in the month of May, 1882, Sir Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Burke, Under Secretary, were walking along towards the city, when six men drove up towards them in a cab, jumped out and seized Mr. Burke, and cut his throat from ear to ear. Sir Frederick Cavendish went to his rescue, and was stabbed and died also. The men who belonged to a gang called dynamiters then drove away; they did not mean to kill Sir Frederick Cavendish, only Mr. Burke, on account of some utterances made by him. This event took place at a time when a number of people were walking in the park. One of the men named Carey turned Queen's evidence and got off, the other five were hung; Carey left Ireland for Capetown, and a man named O'Donnell followed him, and shot him on the boat at Capetown. O'Donnell was hung, and some of his friends at Donegall, to which place he belonged, erected a stone to his memory on which they wrote these words, "He died for Ireland." Guinness' Brewery in which the famous porter is manufactured is a wonderful site; the different kinds of machinery and the various processes with which everything is treated, and the immense number of barrels of porter as well as bottles which go all over the world, and the large number of men employed are amazing. Porter is the general drink throughout Ireland, beer in England and Wales, whisky in Scotland. I left Dublin for Cork at 7 p.m., arriving there early next morning, Thursday, July 17th. At Kildare we changed trains. Cork is a city similar to Dublin, but not so large; it has a large linen factory, the surrounding country is a dairying and farming locality; some of the people are very wealthy and some very poor, the same as Dublin. Cork Harbour is one of the finest harbours in the world; Bantry Bay could hold all the British navy in it, its waters being clear and deep, but the harbour on the whole is not so picturesque as Sydney Harbour. The one harbour which excels all others is Rio de Janiero in South America. There is a large exhibition held here every year. The consumption of porter in Cork is equal to any in the world. Not being able to get back to England by way of Fish Guard, I came back to Dublin arriving early Friday morning, then on to Kingstown, and took the boat for Holly Head in Angelsea, North Wales—the distance across the Irish Sea is 72 miles. In coming from Holly Head to London, the train runs alongside the Irish Sea on one side for several miles, and on the other side are the hills and valleys of North Wales, some fine stone houses with slate roofs, but very rough looking country. A town of some size we came through was called Colwyn Bay, another place where there was fine land and lovely scenery called Bagelit Hollywell, but as the train was an express and travelling very fast we did not see much of the places we passed through. Coming out of Wales we stopped at Chester for a while, then Crewe, the junction station, then Rugby for a short time, then Euston station, London, the country in England through which we came was a farming part and the land looked to be very good. Stopping in London for the night I saw the peace celebration the next day which I have previously described.

HOMEWARD BOUND

On Monday evening, August 18th, left Sutton Veney camp, marched to Warminster Station, left by train for Liverpool 1.20 p.m., travelled all night, stopped at Bristol for a while, reached Birmingham 6.15 Tuesday morning, had tea and cakes provided us at the Snow Hill station, then proceeded on to Liverpool landing stage; here I was met by my cousin who resides in that city, and after spending some hours in her company on the wharf, went on board a boat called the "Ajana," 7,000 tons and at 3 p.m. sailed out of the Mersey River, into the Irish Sea; from there into the Atlantic Ocean, where we had the south coast of Ireland on our right until the following afternoon, when the vessel took a westerly course across the ocean for America; when in the south of Ireland we passed close to where the Lusitania was sunk. There were in all nine hundred passengers on board, each one was given a souvenir letter from the King, which read as



GROUP OF SERGEANTS ON THE "AJANI"

follows:—"Buckingham Palace, the Queen and I wish you God speed, and a safe return to your homes, and dear ones; a grateful mother country is proud of your splendid services characterised by unsurpassed devotion and courage. George R.I." The trip across the Atlantic took twelve days, the weather was calm; we were supplied with life belts after sailing a few days as there was a danger of meeting floating icebergs. The seventh day after sailing we passed close to where the Titanic struck an iceberg and sank; we then came into the gulf stream, and the chief officer reported that he had received a wireless message that icebergs were forty miles north of us, but we never encountered any. On August 27th we sailed over a spot where at one time a city was supposed to exist called Atlantis, but destroyed by earthquakes; beyond meeting a number of vessels bound for

England, nothing of any note happened worth recording, and on Sunday, August 31st, at midday, we anchored at New Port News in Chesapeake Bay at the mouth of the James River, Norfolk being on the other side of the harbour; we were then in America. Permission was given the men to go on shore, but before leaving we saw the coal being put into the hold of the vessel; electric trams bring the trucks of coal up a platform, and at a certain place the bottom of the truck opens and the coal falls out down a shoot into the vessel, the bottom of the truck then closes up and the truck moves on, another one taking its place; five hundred tons can be put into the vessel in a few hours. The population of New Port News is 60,000; the negroes here as elsewhere have a portion of the city to themselves. The main street called Washington Avenue is a rather fine one, good buildings and clean, the town is well drained. The James is a fine large river, named after King James 1st. Norfolk is a larger city than Newport News, is twelve miles away across the harbour, population 120,000. The principal occupation there is shipbuilding; a lot of negroes work on the wharfs. Richmond, the State capital of Virginia, is 70 miles away, has a population of 200,000 and some large tobacco factories. Washington is 185 miles north-west, New York is 325 miles due north. The State of Georgia is 500 miles south. On Monday, September 1st, we went on shore again; it was a public holiday, being Labour Day; a large crowd marched through the city representing all the various trades, etc., to a place where sports were held. The negroes had their march and sports in another part not being allowed to mix with the whites; some thousands took part in the march. Being inclined to find out how things were working between the white and the coloured races I followed the negro march, passing through their quarters to a place where they had a game of baseball; the band was playing. A negro handed me a ticket to go on to the grandstand, saying he was pleased to see me there. The game was between Newport News and Richmond, the latter winning by one game. The barricking of the different sides intermingled with the Yankee twang was very amusing to listen to. While there I fell into the company of a coloured man fairly well-educated. He said, "How do you treat the coloured men in Australia." I said, "There are not many there, but what is there get the same treatment as other people." "So I have been told; they do not give them a fair deal here, they brought our ancestors here as slaves, and they want to treat us the same way; they think they can do as they like with us, but we must not interfere in any way with them, and nearly all the riots that take place between the white and the coloured people, are caused by the white people thinking they can do whatever they like with the coloured people, but the coloured people are getting educated and will not allow them to dominate over them and now that prohibition is all over the States they do not drink as they used to do, but are saving their money, and some are very wealthy; they realise now that to become wealthy is to become powerful, and things are going that way." It will be a serious problem in a few years this race hatred, and it will be hard to say who will rule America yet, the white or the coloured people. A coloured man owns a house just outside the boundary and they told him to shift; he said he would not; they threatened to shift him; he said, "Try it on and 10,000 coloured men will take part in it." They thought it best to leave him alone; he is still

living there and is very wealthy. Continuing, he said, "President Wilson is making a great boast about America winning the war, but the war was three parts over before he came into it; when the Lusitania was sunk he was asked to come in and every elegible man in this town would have volunteered at that time, but he would not come in, and when he did, he called for volunteers, and only twelve men volunteered from here and seven of them were coloured men. So he had to bring in conscription, and now the war is over the coloured men that fought are not getting a fair deal, the same as the white man; they do nothing for them, although they made great promises when they went away." He said "Did you read what the Pope said about President Wilson; but he has altered his opinion of him since the Fiume question." I said, "I had not seen anything." Taking a pocket book from his inside coat pocket in which several scraps of newspaper were stuck on the various pages, he read the following article, which was from a correspondent of the "Daily Express." It ran: "The Pope on Wilson; Rome, January 10th, 1919. Wilson is a man who inspires one with confidence the instant he makes his appearance, declared the Pope to one of his secretaries who was interviewed by the "Giorndle d'Italia." "He reminds one of St. Paul," added his Holiness. "In any case, he is the only great mind that the war has revealed. The twentieth century may aptly be called the Wilson era." "What do you think of that," he remarked, after reading it. "Not bad," I replied. "No," he answered, "it is not bad, only too idiotic for Americans to swallow." After further conversation with him on President Wilson and his doings in which he said he will go out of office at next electon, he invited me to his Y.M.C.A., where refreshments were supplied, etc., and getting a draught board asked me could I play Cicker. I said, "We call it draughts." He said, "That is the name it is called here." He set out the men on the board, but made the double corner in the opposite end to what I had been used to. I said to him the double corner should be at the other side of the board. He replied, "No, this is the way it is played; you know everything has to be opposite here to what they do in England, and that is why it is called by another name and played this way. Billiards are called Colchict, and played different to what the English play them, each ball being numbered." I parted with him here, and next day had a good look around the town, seeing the harbour and shipbuilding works. While at the Casino Y.M.C.A., I read a paper called the "Newport News," the following article about our landing there: "Australian veterans, several hundred of them, men who saw more than four years' service in the world war, reached here Sunday on the steamer 'Ajana,' bound from Liverpool for Australia; conspicuous among them are Light Horse troops, who fought in the sacred regions around Jerusalem, and in other parts of Palestine. These men wore feathers in their hats, to distinguish their commands. The Australians present an unique type of fighting men. Caring little for discipline, and needing it less, these men rushed to war at its very outbreak and were present with glory in many of the greatest battles of the world's history. They recall with vividness the days of the British blunder in 1918, when the great offensive at Amiens threatened to engulf His Majesty's forces in overwhelming defeat. These Australians here to-day were those who stemmed the tide of the Hun advance, and are said to have shamed their

British comrades in a firmer stand which stopped the hordes of Bosches, that were surely pushing forward to victory. It is officially stated that the thousand troops represent every Australian organisation in the service, and that while not one of the men is taking a foreign wife back to his home, a number of them are bendicts and impatiently awaiting reunion with their families in Australia. When the Australian private returns home, he finds that during his absence bonuses in money received and deposited at home for his benefit have mounted into hundreds of dollars, and his years of service have not been fruitless, financially. He returns to his old position, and has a comfortable stake ahead, to pay for the days he sweated and toiled beneath a foreign sun. Most of them have never seen America before; still, they find strange mannerisms, customs and habits here." The general comment by the Australians on this item was that some Light Horseman had given his inside away to a newspaper reporter. On Wednesday, September 3rd, at 12 noon, we sailed out of Chesapeake Bay into the Atlantic Ocean, when the roll was called, six men were missing; they had evidently decided to stop in America as they succeeded in getting their kit bags away with them. On Saturday, September 6th, we passed the Bahama Islands, and four vessels passed us two on each side; passed over the tropic of Cancer and were then in the West Indies. The following day passed the Narasses Island, also sailed between the Cuba and Hatie Islands; had a good view of Cuba, high mountains on it; met several vessels. On Monday, September 8th, we came into the Caribbean Sea; saw flying fish and sea gulls. Tuesday, September 9th, saw the coast of Carases, North of Venezuela, the north coast of South America, a rugged mountaineous coast; came into Colon at night, having missed seeing the Island of Jamaica, which is thirty miles due west of Navasses. We stayed in Colon Harbour Tuesday night, taking on 500 tons of coal loaded in one hour, the same process of loading as at New Port News; also took on board fresh water driven into the tanks of the boat by hydraulic pressure. On Wednesday morning we left Colon and sailing two miles further on stopped at the mouth of the Panama Canal, where we had to rise 85 feet into Gatun Lake, the vessel being pulled up by electric engines three on each side. This lake has an area of 164 square miles, a channel the least depth of which is 45 feet runs through the centre of it; it follows the general course of the Chagres River, but in places it leaves the river course, and as you look over the rails of the ship, you may be gazing down to places where gardens grew a few years ago, or where a brazier fire used to burn in some jungle home. This lake which looks as though it had been there from the beginning of time, is only from four to six years old. After going through this lake for 30 miles, we came into a narrow channel running through a range of mountains called Calubia; the channel here is 40 feet wide; this cut through the mountains is nine miles long and in places is 300 feet wide at the bottom; this is the least width as it varies at the water line, and at the original surface of the ground is from 500 to 2,000 feet in width; the height of the mountain from the surface of the water is from 20 to 100 feet; along the top of the mountain are houses and plantations; a railway line runs parallel with the canal; after pasing through this cut in the mountains, we came into flat country, and began to descend at Pedro Miguel. Here the gates open and the water runs out of the cut and the vessel lowers with the water,

then when the water becomes level with a lake 65 feet below the cut the vessel sails into same and from there on through what was one time a valley thickly populated, now an immense artificial lake to Panama, a fair-sized town. Stopped there a while taking on bananas; then sailed into the Pacific Ocean where the pilot got off. We were then in the open ocean.

THE PANAMA CANAL

The official seal of the Canal Commission bears the motto: "The land divided, the world united." It divides the hemisphere and brings the nations of the earth into closer intercourse with one another. Columbus, 400 years ago, believing he had found a new part of Asia, searched for a strait to pass through to get to India, but failed to find one. Some years after Columbus' death, Magellan sailed along South America, and entered through a strait which bears his name, south of Patagonia, into an ocean which he named Pacific, because of its calm aspect; then a lasting foundation began to form itself in the minds of navigators that Columbus had discovered a new continent and not a part of Asia. Panama means "plenty of fish." A city was founded by the Spaniard Avila, August 15th, 1521, and became a city of great note, and was the gateway for all commerce between Spain and its American possessions. Including the great output of gold and silver from the rich mines of Peru, it contained at one time 50,000 people, including a large number of merchants. In the year 1671 it was sacked and burnt down by Buccaneers; so complete was the destruction that no effort was made to rebuild it. The inhabitants sought a site for a new city and found one four miles west of the old site, at the head of the Bay of Panama; they built a wall 20 to 30 feet high all around it; in some places 60 feet in thickness and four miles in length; sections of the old wall exist to-day, but the general part of it has disappeared, as the city has increased in area. The Cathedral, a fine building was 88 years in building; a railway was built by an American company in 1885, costing 88,000,000 dollars. The loss of life has been greatly exaggerated; the most reliable account gives a death roll of 835, including 295 whites, 140 blacks and 400 Chinese through fever. At this time a canal was spoken of, and in 1879 de Lesseps, desirous of achieving a success similar to the Suez, formed a company for that purpose and began work the following year. He proposed to build a canal at sea level, and complete same in twelve years at an estimated cost of about 132,000,000 dollars. Eight years passed and about 260,000,000 dollars were spent in this gigantic effort, and about one-third of the canal had been excavated. The French Company failed in 1889 after expending 266,000,000 dollars. An official examination of accounts revealed a vast amount of extravagance and bad management. Count de Lesseps and his son Charles and several associates were fined and sentenced to a term of imprisonment, but the sentence against the Count and his son was never executed. The count was 88 years old at the time and in very feeble health; he died a year later. During eight years 2,000 Frenchmen died of yellow fever and about 16,500 died of all nations caused by the mosquito which carried the fever germ. In 1902 the United States Congress passed a Bill adopting the carrying out

of the construction of the canal. Before commencing they cleared out the mosquito. A board of United States surgeons in Havana undertook the task. Two surgeons, Carroll and Layear permitted themselves to be bitten by infected mosquitoes; both caught the disease, Carroll recovered but Layear died a martyr to science, and to the human race. In January, 1905, the second year of America's acceptance, there was an outbreak of fever, lasting the whole year; 35 Americans died, but the disease suppressed by the applications subscribed by the discoveries of the theory. A vigorous warfare on the mosquito was carried on, and the fever disappeared. During the six years the sanitary department distributed an immense amount of quinine among the employees, draining swamps, and covering the land with kerosene burnt out millions of these insects; it has been estimated that 700,000 tons of kerosene was put on the land which was then set on fire. Calubia cut nine miles long had 100,000,000 cubic yards of rock and earth removed from it. The length of the canal from deep water in the Atlantic to deep water in the Pacific is 50 miles; the locks are the largest in the world and lock walls 1,000 feet long, 110 feet wide can easily hold the largest ships constructed. The walls are of massive concrete from 45 to 60 feet wide at the base, reaching 81 feet high; they contain about 5,000,000 cubic yards of concrete. Lock gates are steel structures seven feet thick, sixty-five feet long and from forty-seven to eighty-two feet high; they weigh 390 to 730 tons; 92 leavers are required for the entire canal, weighing 60,000 tons. It shortens the distance between New York and Japan by 3,000 miles, between New York and Victoria 3,000 miles. The Panama Canal cost three hundred and seventy-five million dollars. The Panama Canal is the supreme engineering feat of the ages; it has been pronounced the greatest of the world's wonders of works.

Thursday, September 11th, found us sailing well out in the Pacific Ocean; the journey across this ocean became very monotonous, the troops passed the time away watching whales spouting up water, and shoals of porpoises which came into view. Much time was spent listening to various lectures, Parliamentary debates, and engaging in games of cards, draughts and chess, etc. On Saturday, September 13th, at 5.30 a.m. crossed the Equator; the weather was cool and in the afternoon of the same day passed the Galipagos Islands to our right about fifteen miles off and towards evening passed some small islands. On Sunday passed Cospolomos Island on the right at 4 p.m., and in the evening saw the Southern Cross for the first time. Monday, September 22nd, passed the Tropic of Capricorn at night, and Tuesday morning at 8 a.m. came in sight of the Pitcairn Island and anchored two miles off it for some hours. Three boats with men, women and children came out and came on board selling articles consisting of fruit, shells and other things made on the island, and took away flour, etc. For some days previous to our arrival there, a good deal of talk had taken place among the troops about this island, and on going on deck on the morning mentioned a large crowd were looking over the railing of the deck at the boats approaching, and seeing Private Stones, of Colac, Victoria, among them, and knowing him to be a man well versed in the history of the world, I enquired of him why so much interest was taken by the troops in regard to this particular island. He replied it is connected with the history of the mutiny of the Bounty, and related the particulars in connec-

tion with this mutiny to me. On the whole his account was correct, but in detail he was somewhat lacking. In the year 1787 a vessel called the Bounty, 215 tons, provided for the service by the Admiralty, was sent out to the South Sea Islands, to procure bread fruit trees to plant in the West Indies; there were in all twenty-six men on board under the command of Captain Bligh, who had served in the Resolution under Captain Cook on his last voyage in the years 1776 to 1779. Bligh was an arrogant domineering man, as after events proved, who whilst Governor of the Settlement of N.S.W. was arrested by the soldiers and afterwards found his way to England. Second in command was Lieutenant Fletcher Christian, a native of Cumberland in the North of England, a man of an entirely different disposition to Bligh. On arriving at Tahiti, some fruit brought on board for Bligh's cabin disappeared and in his anger said to Christian "I suppose you have eaten it yourself, you hungry hound." Christian was nettled at his remarks, and a few days later the men refused to eat some pumpkins that had gone bad. Bligh rushed up on deck to their mess exclaiming, "You infernal scoundrels, I will make you eat grass, or anything else you can catch before I have done with you." This conduct on the part of Bligh went on until Tuesday, April 28th, 1789. Just before sunrise Bligh was arrested in bed, tied hands and feet, put into an open boat with eighteen other men and told to do the best he could. The boat was twenty-three feet long, six feet nine inches in breadth, two feet nine inches deep; the provisions put in the boat for them consisted of 150lbs. of bread, 16 pieces of pork, each weighing 2lbs., six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, twenty-eight gallons of water; the boat was so heavily laden that it was no more than seven inches above water; they sailed off and reached an island called Tofoa where they got water and cocoanuts, but were chased away by the natives. After sailing twenty-six days they rested two days on an island called Restoration and reached Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofoa in an exhausted and starved condition having run by log 3618 miles. From here they got back to England by a ship that called at the island. When they reached England, Bligh told his own story and the cry was the mutineers should be punished and a search for the Bounty was then made, which lasted in all eighteen years. After getting rid of Bligh and his men the Bounty sailed to the Island of Matavai Bay where they stayed a while and fourteen of the mutineers decided to surrender to the first man-of-war that came along, which they did and went on board the Pandora; they were men who had taken very little part in the mutiny, and thought by giving themselves up that they would be leniently treated, but the reverse happened; they were cruelly treated on the vessel and on reaching England tried by court-martial. Some were hung, some acquitted and some died with the treatment they had received during the four months they were being brought home. Christian and eight comrades sailed from Mataria Bay in the Bounty, September 23rd, 1787, taking with them six other men, one child and thirteen women from the Island of Otaheitan, making twenty-nine in all, and from whom sprang the dauntless whalers and dark-eyed Junoes of Pitcairn and Norfold Islands; they reached Pitcairn Island early in November and where the vessel anchored called it Bounty Bay; they stripped the vessel of everything that was of any use, then sank the remainder. Nineteen years after landing there an American trading vessel,

the Topaz, put into the island for the purpose of getting water. Seeing smoke rising and a canoe coming towards them gave them no little surprise, and were still further surprised by a man speaking good English, offering assistance to them. They went ashore; there was only two of the mutineers living, the others having died, but with women and children there was a population of 35 people; they asked for news and were told of the French revolution, of the war between Great Britain and France, of the naval victories, the Nile, Trafalgar, etc., on hearing which they threw up their hats, gave a loud hurrah, shouting "Old England for ever." They gave Mr. Folger, the captain of the vessel, the chronometer and compass of the Bounty. In 1814 a letter was received by the Admiralty from Mr. Folger, about his discovery, and the carrying on of an excellent, moral and religious training of the little community of which he had discovered. The news re-awakened public curiosity, and the newspapers teemed with the story of the Bounty for a year or so, but the wars still raging, public interest subsided in the matter, but was re-awakened in the month of October, 1814. Captain Pipon of the Tagus, reported that his curiosity was aroused by meeting an island not marked on the chart, and when he ran into the land, was surprised to see huts, and smoke coming from same; he did not believe it was Pitcairn. A number of men were watching him and coming alongside the vessel, a young man said in good English, "Won't you have a rope," and with that sprang on deck. Hé was dressed in a vest without sleeves, and trousers to the knee only. When asked who he was, replied, "I am Thursday October Christian, son of the mutineer of the Bounty, by a Tahitian mother, and the first child born on the island. He had been so named from the month and day of his birth. He was 24 years old. Another lad, Geo. Young was with him; they had tanned skins and black hair; they were shown over the ship and everything interested them. The sight of a cow on board astonished and alarmed them; they thought it was a large goat or a horned sow. A little black terrier excited their warm admiration. "I know that is a dog," exclaimed Young, "I have read of such things." The captain then went on shore with them and saw the only man living, John Adams, who told the whole story of the 25 years he had spent there, and he, like the men who stood their trial, did not cast any stone at Christian. This island is truly a Garden of Eden; its lofty mountain towering to a height of 1008 feet over the level of the ocean, covered with groves of cocoanut and palm trees, and with bread fruit trees. In a valley flourishes all kinds of tropical fruits, also English fruit and vegetables, the range of temperature being from 76 to 80 degrees in summer and seldom below 59 degrees in winter; beneath the plantation stands the pretty village of Pitcairn on an elevated platform of rock; as we came in sight we saw on one side of the square the house of Jno. Adams and on the other side that of Thursday October Christian; these and all the other dwellings are built of wood on a stone foundation, being substantially constructed; the insides are said to be very clean; they have goats, pigs, and fowls, and two horses by which the whole of the island is worked; it is entirely different to any other of the South Sea Islands. This island has long been the dream of poets and the inspiration of philosophers. The following produce can be spared per year: 300 barrels sweet potatoes, 150 barrels Irish potatoes, 120 barrels of yams, 2000 cocoa-

nuts, 400 bunches of plantains, 50 dozen fowls, 50,000 oranges at 4s. per cwt., 10,000 oranges at 8s. per barrel, 100 gallons of lime juice, water melons, pumpkins, and beans in almost any quantity; fish and crawfish are numerous at certain seasons; they have three boats, two presented by the English Government and one purchased from a whaling vessel. The soldiers offered them tobacco for goods brought on deck, but were informed that they neither smoked, drank nor swore; the women never dance but play blind man's buff and other innocent games; they are all seven-day Adventists, Christmas Day is a great feast day, but the King's birthday is the day of all days. "How is the King?" is a question everyone asks a stranger. Their own song is sung in general assemblage on his birthday by everyone. Some have gone to Norfolk Island, some to America and two went to the war. Before departing they stood up in the boats and sung in a melodious tone the old Hymn, "We shall meet again in the Sweet by and Bye." Then they rowed back to the island and the soldiers watched them until out of sight, when the Ajana lifted anchor and sailed on her voyage. The National Anthem sung by these people on the King's Birthday, runs as follows:—

The King, the King, our gracious King,
Come raise on high your voices,
And let it by your smiles be seen
That every heart rejoices,
His noted day we'll celebrate
With ardour and devotion,
And Britain's festal emulate
In the Pacific Ocean.
Now let old England's flag be spread,
That flag long famed in story,
And as it waves above our head,
We'll think upon it's glory,
Then fire the gun, the Bounty gun,
And set the bells a-ringing,
We'll all unite in singing the King, the King, God bless the King,
And all his loyal kindred.
Prolonged and happy be his reign,
By faction never hindered,
May high and low, the rich and poor,
The happy or distressed,
O'er his wide realm, from shore to shore,
Arise and call him blessed.

We sailed on and on Monday, September 29th, received a wireless message that we were 1500 miles off New Zealand; continuing on till Saturday, October 4th, watching whales spouting up water, and Albatrosses flying about, when we sighted the Kermadiec Islands, north-west of New Zealand; the vessel travelled faster by night than by day, covering 13 knots an hour. On Sunday, October 5th passed the three Kings Islands, and next day passed New Zealand, North of Auckland, but being so far out at sea, did not see any land, but plenty of Albatrosses and other fine birds, also a shark, and stormy petrels, which came close to the vessel. Thursday,

October 9th, saw land and a vessel and in the afternoon a pilot boat, the Captain Cook came alongside and a pilot came on board, and took charge through the heads. Private H. S. Calf won the guessing competition, he guessed the exact time we passed through the Sydney Heads, 3.45 p.m., October 9th. The guessing took place a week previous to our arrival, the prize being £9. After anchoring for the night in the harbour, we sailed into the dock at Wooloomooloo and came on shore 11 a.m. Friday, October 10th. The New South Wales soldiers were taken in motor cars to their depot, the Queenslanders took train to Brisbane, the Victorian, South Australians and Tasmanias took train to Melbourne. From Melbourne, the tralians and Tasmanians took train to Melbourne. From Melbourne, the South Australians took train to Adelaide; the Tasmanians took boat to Launceston then train to Hobart. And thus the voyage round the world was ocmpleted, consisting as it did of 27,000 miles by boat, 10,000 miles by rail, 1,000 miles by motor cars and other conveyances and 200 miles of foot marching.

FROM THE LONDON "DAILY TELEGRAPH," MONDAY, JUNE 17th, 1918.

SOLDIER'S AMAZING CAREER.

PARIS, Sunday, June 16th, 1918.

The amazing and tragic career of Private Bertrand, belonging to the infantry, is told by his Lieutenant in the journal to-day. Bertrand wears the French Legion of Honour, Military Medal, Military Cross, with seven palms and five stars, British Military Cross, Belgian Military Cross, French Colonial and Morocco Medal, the life saving medal, and also a ribbon for wounds. As he has lost one arm and one leg, and has been otherwise mutilated, besides receiving some thirty bayonet wounds. He is 26. He enlisted at 18 and fought in Morocco, where he saved two officers and won the Military Medal. At the outbreak of the war he went through the Charleroi and Marne battles. At the latter he captured two German field kitchens with food ready to eat, having killed the cooks and brought the kitchens into the French lines. On the Yeser and the Somme, fighting with the British troops, he made ten German prisoners with his own hands, and won the British Military Cross. He was five times taken prisoner and five times escaped. After that he volunteered for the near East, and at Monastir, with one or two comrades, he kept four machine guns firing and held an enemy battalion at bay, with the result that 200 prisoners were made. After that at Monastir he saved his captain and nurse. In this affair he lost an arm and was otherwise mutilated. He was sent back to France and forty-eight hours after sailing his boat was torpedoed and the explosion blew off his leg. He amputated the remainder of the limb himself with his own knife. He fell into the sea and managed with his one arm to hang on to a floating spar. Then he caught sight of the ship's skipper who had had both arms blown off. He managed to pick him up, and both men remained on the raft for three days and three nights. For this Bertrand was awarded the Life Saving Medal, the only medal left to him to win. This astounding career has been accompanied by the extra-

ordinary tragedies of his family. His father enlisted at 53 at the beginning of the war and was killed on September 2nd, 1914; his four brothers have all died for their country; the last surviving one had lost both arms and both legs and was blind and mercifully died a few months ago. Bertrand's old mother has just died also, overcome by the succession of tragedies, and Bertrand remains alone of the family, with his sister (aged 9) of whom he is the sole support.

DECORATION DAY.

IN MEMORY OF OUR ANZACS.

Anzac. your fame and glory,
I tell in story of you:
Your deeds and valour are marked
With the tints of golden hue.
When the lock-fast-book is opened
And you gaze on fame's bright glare,
With the records of your deeds
You'll find your name is shining there!
Anzac, Anzac, ah! Anzac,
I would I could share your name—
A golden shrine of beauty
You built us with glory's fame.
We see our little children
Waving banners great and gay,
We see our heroes marching,
All dressed in grand array,
Fighting for home and freedom,
The world can't forget—never will—
Where each bravery and valour are marked
By a little white cross on the hill.
Stories are told of brave men
In all Great Britain's wars;
None has the place of Anzac,
Sure they can't count with yours!
Beaten foes have nought to say,
FOR 'TIS DECORATION DAY.

PRIVATE ROBSON, 42nd Battalion.

PASS, FRIEND, ALL'S WELL!

All's well, all's well with England!
Pass to your great reward,
All you whose lives were given
That Freedom be restored.
Who faced your task undaunted,
And for our honour fell,

In answer to the challenge:
Pass, friend, all's well!

All's well, all's well with England!
In land and air and sea,
Those who are left remember
You died to keep us free.
What pen can write your story,
What tongue your valour tell,
In words that fit your glory:
Pass, friend, all's well!

All's well, all's well with England!
The dawn of Peace breaks bright;
We hold the gifts you leave us,
Hard-won in bitter fight.
With reverence and with honour,
We sound your passing knell,
Who answered to the challenge:
Pass, friend, all's well!

G.W.T.P.

FROM SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE TO MY DEAR OLD PAL IN AUSTRALIA.

I miss you, yes I miss you,
Dear old pal, you know it's true;
And my heart is always yearning
To be back again with you:

To be near you, just to cheer you
And to kiss you once again,
Just to tell you how I love you
I would be as right as rain.

For I love you more than ever,
Now that oceans roll between;
I can see it now—how careless
And how thoughtless I have been.

But when all this War is over,
And if I come safely through,
I will try to be more kinder
And a better pal to you.

But I miss you, dear, I miss you
Every day that passes by,
There's a photo in my pocket
That I peep at on the sly.

And my pals they often see me,
But they never crack a boo,
I suppose they take a jerry
That I'm thinking, dear of you.

For I miss my dear old cobber,
You are always in my mind—
Night and day I'm always thinking
Of the girl I left behind.

Back in camp or in the trenches,
'Twas the same at Poziers,
When we were out in No Man's Land,
Beneath the German flares,
I was thinking of you, sweetheart,
In that little room upstairs.

We were needed there so badly,
And the shells were falling thick;
Working hard in battered trenches
With a shovel and a pick.

It was ten to one against us
Ever coming out again,
But I knew that you were praying
And your prayers were not in vain.

It was Hell there with the lid off,
And a slaughter-house, it's true,
But in the hottest of it all
My thoughts were all of you.

So I want you to remember,
Though I'm far across the sea,
There is just one little woman
Who is all the world to me.

And if you keep well and happy,
Well, then, I will not complain,
God comfort you and bless you, dear,
Until we meet again.

DRIVER GALLAGHER, 1st Pioneer Transport.

RETRIBUTION.

(By GILBERT FRANKAU.)

Who breaks the Truce of the Peoples
Is guilty of People's Harm;
Hear now the Voice of the Peoples,
Man with the Palsied Arm.
You have broken the Laws of the Earth;
You have broken the Law of the Seas;
You have butchered the babe in its mother's womb,
As the babe at its mother's knees;
You have ravaged our homes, and defiled
The beds where our women lay;
Our daughters have carried the child
That was spawned by your Beasts in Grey:
And the cry goes up, from our seething towns
To our loneliest outpost-farm:
"A seven-foot drop and a hangman's rope
For the Man with the Palsied Arm."

Our brothers' corpses rot in the mud;
Our husbands rot in the seas;
Our starving sons have suffered the lash
And the nameless infamies.
You have loosed on earth, in the name of God,
The four white horses of Hell;
You have plighted troth, in the place Christ trod,
With the Turk and the Infidel;
And the word goes up from the Peoples' mouth,
Pitiless, deadly calm:
"The gallows-tree and the hangman's noose,
For the Man with the Palsied Arm."

Our dead cry out from the Flanders slime;
Our dead cry out from the Seas;
Our outraged women moan in the house:
And your life is forfeit for these.
By the law of the Sword that you loosed on earth,
By the law of a life for a life,
Or ever the new world blossom to birth
Or the Peoples cease from their strife,
There comes a Voice from the Peoples' mouth,
From city and sea and farm:
"He has broken the Laws of Earth and the Seas;
He is guilty of Peoples' Harm;
A noose, and a beam, and a felon's death
For the Man with the Palsied Arm!"

A PRIVATE IN LONDON.

(What I saw in London after three years Active Service in France.)

He landed in London then straight-away strode,
Direct to Headquarters in Horseferry road,
A Buckshee Lance-corporal said, "Pardon me, please,
You have dust on your tunic, and dirt on your knee;
You look so untidy that people will laugh,"
Said the cold-footed waster from Horseferry staff.
"Your hat must be up at the side like mine,
And your boots I may state are in want of a shine;
Your puttees are falling away at your calf,"
Said the cold-footed waster from Horseferry staff.
The soldier just gave him a murderous glance,
And remarked "I've just come from the trenches in France,
Where shrapnel is busting and comforts are few,
And soldiers are fighting for wasters like you;
You bully the soldiers you meet in the street,
And tell him you suffer from frost-bitten feet;
While your mates in the trenches fight on behalf,
Of the cold-footed wasters of Horseferry staff.
YOU speak to the soldier, you cold-footed cur,
And what of your poor mother, does it ever strike her,
That her son is a coward and afraid of a strife,
But hangs to his job on Horseferry staff."

THE NAVY'S WORK.

16,000,000 MEN CONVOYED WITH A LOSS OF 5,000.

Sir Eric Geddes recently, in opening the Duke of Connaught's Sea Power Exhibition, said that during the war the British Navy escorted 16,000,000 men across the sea and the total loss from all causes was less than 5,000.

Referring to the blockade, he said it was that which crushed the life out of the Central Empires. He paid a high tribute to the work of the Tenth Cruiser Squadron, which from 1914 to 1917 held an 800-mile stretch from the Orkneys to Iceland and, under almost Arctic conditions, intercepted 15,000 ships taking cargoes to our enemies and only missed 4 per cent.—a most remarkable achievement. (Cheers.) Behind the blockade was the Grand Fleet, the fulcrum of the whole sea-power of the Allies.

"If ever testimony be needed of the value of sea-power," said Sir Eric Geddes, amid cheers, "I can give it. Such a harvest of sea-power has been reaped as was little foreseen four and a half years ago."

HUN OUTRAGES.

THEY MUST REPAY.

The following are a few of the outstanding Hun outrages since August, 1914:—

The sacking of Louvain; massacre of Belgian populations, 7,243 men, women and children shot in heaps. Hundreds of women and children outraged. Homes sacked, defiled, and burnt; banks robbed.

Women and children used as screen for machine-gunners.

Repetition of Belgian horrors in France. Five hundred French women raped, mutilated, and murdered between August 30 and September 10, 1914.

Deportation into bondage in Germany of vast numbers of French and Belgian non-combatant men, women and children.

Lusitania torpedoed, 1,198 drowned.

Poisoned wells in South-west Africa. Poisoned sweetmeats dropped by airmen for French children.

Executions of Nurse Cavell, Captain Fryatt, and numberless Belgian officials and citizens.

German introduction into warfare of poison gas, liquid fire, and bombardments of undefended towns by land, sea, and air.

Many aerial bombings of hospitals. Firing on the Red Cross flag.

Two hundred killed by German shelling of a Paris church on Corpus Christi Day.

Crews of ships sunk by U-boats left to die in open boats; 41 of crew of Belgian Prince drowned on U-boat deck.

Countless barbarities in the field to British prisoners of war. Further barbarities in German prison camps.

U-BOAT MURDERS.

Since the beginning of the war the Germans have sunk approximately 9,000,000 tons of British shipping and half as much of neutral and Allied; they have slain over 14,000 British non-combatants.

Outstanding sea crimes include the sinking of the Lusitania (1,198 lives lost), Leinster (533 lives lost), Persia (370 lost), Hiramo Maru (300 lost), Galway Castle (154 lost), Falaba (111 lost), and many other liners.

Twelve hospital ships have been torpedoed. One of the worst cases was the murder of the Canadian nurses in the Llandovery Castle.

4,820 AIR RAID VICTIMS.

Since the beginning of the war the Huns have made 53 Zeppelin and 59 aeroplane raids in Great Britain, killing 1,413 people and injuring 3,407. Details are:—

	Number of Raids.	
Year.	Zeppelin.	Aeroplane.
1914	—	2
1915	27	4
1916	15	16
1917	7	27
1918	4	10
Total	53	59

Details of the killed are:—

	Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.
Zeppelin raids	275	171	110	556
Aeroplane raids	520	195	142	857
Total	795	366	252	1,413

NURSE CAVELL BURIAL.

SERVICE HELD ON THURSDAY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

HOMAGE TO NATION'S HEROINE.

BRUSSELS, May 10.

The removal of Nurse Cavell's body for interment in England will take place on May 13.

Nurse Cavell's coffin on Tuesday will be placed on a gun carriage drawn by six black horses, which will convey it to the Gare du Nord. Military honours will be rendered. The gun carriage will be preceded and followed by British troops, with bands. The Belgian army will also be represented.

A funeral service will be held in the Gare do Nord station hall, conducted by the Rev. H. S. Gahan, the British chaplain of Christ Church, Brussels, who was with iMss Cavell the night before her execution. The service will consist of a few prayers, followed by a hymn. The hall will be exclusively reserved for the authorities and the troops. The train will leave for Ostend at 12.10 p.m.

On arrival at Ostend the coffin will be placed on board a British warship. From Dover the remains will be conveyed to London, where they will be received at Victoria Station by an honorary military escort, placed on a gun carriage, covered with the Union Jack, and conveyed to Westminster Abbey, where the funeral service will take place.

After the service the procession will be re-formed, and march to Liverpool street station, whence the body will be taken to Norwich for burial.—Reuter.

THE GREAT WAR

SPEECH DELIVERED BY THE RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.
(Chancellor of the Exchequer),
AT THE QUEEN'S HALL, LONDON, ON SEPTEMBER 19th, 1914.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S SPEECH.

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have come here this afternoon to talk to my fellow-countrymen about this great war and the part that we ought to take in it. I feel my task is easier after we have been listening to the greatest war song in the world ("The March of the Men of Harlech). (Applause.)

WHY OUR NATIONAL HONOUR IS INVOLVED.

There is no man in this room who has always regarded the prospect of engaging in a great war with greater reluctance and with greater repugnance than I have done throughout the whole of my political life. (Hear, hear.) There is no man either inside or outside of this room more convinced that we could not have avoided it without national dishonour. (Great applause.) I am fully alive to the fact that every nation who has ever engaged in any war has always invoked the sacred name of honour. Many a crime has been committed in its name; there are some being committed now. All the same, national honour is a reality, and any nation that disregards it is doomed. (Hear, hear.) Why is our honour as a country involved in this war? Because, in the first instance, we are bound by honourable obligations to defend the independence, the liberty, the integrity, of a small neighbour that has always lived peaceably. (Applause.) She could not have compelled us; she was weak; but the man who declines to discharge his duty because his creditor is too poor to enforce it is a blackguard. (Loud applause.) We entered into a treaty—a solemn treaty—two treaties—to defend Belgium and her integrity. Our signatures are attached to the documents. Our signatures do not stand alone there; this country was not the only country that undertook to defend the integrity of Belgium. Russia, France, Austria, Prussia—they are all there. Why are Austria and Prussia not performing the obligations of their bond? It is suggested that when we quote this treaty it is purely an excuse on our part—it is our low craft and cunning to cloak our jealousy of a superior civilisation—(laughter)—that we are attempting to destroy. Our answer is the action we took in 1870. (Hear, hear.) What was that? Mr. Gladstone was then Prime Minister. (Applause.) Lord Granville, I think, was then Foreign Secretary. I have never heard it laid to their charge that they were ever Jingoes.

FRANCE AND BELGIUM IN 1870.

What did they do in 1870? That treaty bound us then. We called upon the belligerent Powers to respect it. We called upon France, and we called upon Germany. At that time, bear in mind, the greatest danger

to Belgium came from France and not from Germany. We intervened to protect Belgium against France, exactly as we are doing now to protect her against Germany. (Applause.) We proceeded in exactly the same way. We invited both the belligerent Powers to state that they had no intention of violating Belgian territory. What was the answer given by Bismarck? He said it was superfluous to ask Prussia such a question in view of the treaties in force. France gave a similar answer. We received at that time the thanks of the Belgian people for our intervention in a very remarkable document. It is a document addressed by the municipality of Brussels to Queen Victoria after that intervention, and it reads:—

> "The great and noble people over whose destinies you preside has just given a further proof of its benevolent sentiments towards our country. . . . The voice of the English nation has been heard above the din of arms, and it has asserted the principles of justice and right. Next to the unalterable attachment of the Belgian people to their independence, the strongest sentiment which fills their hearts is that of an imperishable gratitude." (Great applause.)

That was in 1870. Mark what followed. Three or four days after that document of thanks, a French army was wedged up against the Belgian frontier, every means of escape shut out by a ring of flame from Prussian cannon. There was one way of escape. What was that? Violating the neutrality of Belgium. What did they do? The French on that occasion preferred ruin and humiliation to the breaking of their bond. (Loud applause.) The French Emperor, the French Marshals, 100,000 gallant Frenchmen in arms, preferred to be carried captive to the strange land of their enemies, rather than dishonour the name of their country. (Applause.) It was the last French Army in the field. Had they violated Belgian neutrality, the whole history of that war would have been changed, and yet, when it was the interest of France to break the treaty then, she did not do it.

"A SCRAP OF PAPER."

It is the interest of Prussia to-day to break the treaty, and she has done it. (Hisses.) She avows it with cynical contempt for every principle of justice. She says: "Treaties only bind you when it is your interest to keep them." (Laughter.) "What is a treaty?" says the German Chancellor, "A scrap of paper." Have you any £5 notes about you? (Laughter and applause. I am not calling for them. (Laughter.) Have you any of those neat little Treasury £1 notes? (Laughter.) If you have, burn them; they are only scraps of paper. (Laughter and applause.) What are they made of? Rags. (Laughter.) What are they worth? The whole credit of the English Empire. (Loud applause.) Scraps of paper! I have been dealing with scraps of paper within the last month. One suddenly found the commerce of the world coming to a standstill. The machine had stopped. Why? I will tell you. We discovered—many of us for the first time, for I do not pretend that I do not know much more about the machinery of commerce to-day than I did six weeks ago, and there are many others like me—we discovered that the machinery of commerce was moved by bills of exchange. I have seen some of them—(laughter)—

wretched, crinkled, scrawled over, blotched, frowsy, and yet those wretched little scraps of paper move great ships laden with thousands of tons of precious cargo from one end of the world to the other. (Applause.) What is the motive power behind them? The honour of commercial men. (Applause.) Treaties are the currency of International statesmanship. (Applause.) Let us be fair: German merchants, German traders, have the reputation of being as upright and straightforward as any traders in the world—(hear, hear)—but if the currency of German commerce is to be debased to the level of that of her statesmanship, no trader from Shanghai to Valparaiso will ever look at a German signature again. (Loud applause.) This doctrine of the scrap of paper, this doctrine which is proclaimed by Bernhardi, that treaties only bind a nation as long as it is to its interest, goes under the root of all public law. It is the straight road to barbarism. (Hear, hear.) It is as if you were to remove the Magnetic Pole because it was in the way of a German cruiser. (Laughter.) The whole navigation of the seas would become dangerous, difficult and impossible; and the whole machinery of civilisation will break down if this doctrine wins in this war. (Hear, hear.) We are fighting against barbarism—(applause)—and there is only one way of putting it right. If there are nations that say they will only respect treaties when it is to their interest to do so, we must make it to their interest to do so for the future. (Applause.)

GERMANY'S PERJURY.

What is their defence? Consider the interview which took place between our Ambassador and the great German officials. When their attention was called to this treaty to which they were parties, they said: "We cannot help that. Rapidity of action is the great German asset." There is a greater asset for a nation than rapidity of action, and that is honest dealing. (Loud applause.) What are Germany's excuses? She says Belgium was plotting against her; Belgium was engaged in a great conspiracy with Britain and with France to attack her. Not merely is it not true, but Germany knows it is not true. (Hear, hear.) What is her other excuse? That France meant to invade Germany through Belgium. That is absolutely untrue. (Hear, hear.) France offered Belgium five army corps to defend her if she were attacked. Belgium said: "I do not require them; I have the word of the Kaiser. Shall Caesar send a lie?" (Laughter and applause.) All these tales about conspiracy have been vamped up since. A great nation ought to be ashamed to behave like a fraudulent bankrupt, perjuring its way through its obligations. (Hear, hear.) What she says is not true. She has deliberately broken this treaty, and we were in honour bound to stand by it. (Applause.)

BELGIUM'S "CRIME."

Belgium has been treated brutally. (Hear, hear.) How brutally we shall not yet know. We already know too much. But what had she done? Had she sent an ultimatum to Germany? Had she challenged Germany? Was she preparing to make war on Germany? Had she inflicted any wrong upon Germany which the Kaiser was bound to redress? She was one of the

most unoffending little countries in Europe. (Hear, hear.) There she was—peaceable, industrious, thrify, hard working, giving offence to no one. And her cornfields have been trampled, her villages have been burnt, her art treasures have been destroyed, her men have been slaughtered—yea, and her women and children too. (Cries of "Shame.") Hundreds and thousands of her people, their neat, comfortable little homes burnt to the dust, are wandering homeless in their own land. What was their crime? Their crime was that they trusted to the word of a Prussian King. (Applause.) I do not know what the Kaiser hopes to achieve by this war. (Derisive laughter.) I have a shrewd idea what he will get; but one thing he has made certain, and that is that no action will ever commit that crime again.

"THE RIGHT TO DEFEND ITS HOMES."

I am not going to enter into details of outrages. Many of them are untrue, and always are in a war. War is a grim, ghastly business at best or at worst—(hear, hear)—and I am not going to say that all that has been said in the way of outrages must necessarily be true. I will go beyond that, and I will say that if you turn two millions of men—forced, conscript, compelled, driven—into the field, you will always get amongst them a certain number who will do things that the nation to which they belong would be ashamed of. I am not depending on these tales. It is enough for me to have the story which Germans themselves avow, admit, defend and proclaim—the burning and massacring, the shooting down of harmless people. Why? Because, according to the Germans, these people fired on German soldiers. What business had German soldiers there at all? (Hear, hear and applause.) Belgium was acting in pursuance of the most sacred right, the right to defend its homes. But they were not in uniform when they fired! If a burglar broke into the Kaiser's Palace at Potsdam, destroyed his furniture, killed his servants, ruined his art treasures—especially those he has made himself—(laughter and applause)—and burned the precious manuscripts of his speeches, do you think he would wait until he got into uniform before he shot him down? (Laughter.) They were dealing with those who had broken into their household. (Hear, hear.) But the perfidy of the Germans has already failed. They entered Belgium to save time. The time has gone. (Loud and continued applause.) They have not gained time, but they have lost their good name. (Hear, hear.)

THE CASE OF SERBIA.

But Belgium is not the only little nation that has been attacked in this war, and I make no excuse for referring to the case of the other little nation, the case of Serbia. (Hear, hear.) The history of Serbia is not unblotted. Whose history, in the category of nations, is unblotted? (Hear, hear.) The first nation that is without sin, let her cast a stone at Serbia. She was a nation trained in a horrible school, but she won her freedom with a tenacious valour, and she has maintained it by the same courage. (Applause.) If any Serbians were mixed up in the assassination of the Grand Duke, they ought to be punished. (Hear, hear.) Serbia admits that. The Serbian Government had nothing to do with it. Not even Austria claims

that. The Serbian Prime Minister is one of the most capable and honoured men in Europe. (Hear, hear.) Serbia was willing to punish any one of her subjects who had been proved to have any complicity in that assassination. What more could you expect? What were the Austrian demands? Serbia sympathised with her fellow-countrymen in Bosnia—that was one of her crimes. She must do so no more. Her newspapers were saying nasty things about Austria; they must do so no longer. That is the German spirit; you had it in Zabern. (Hear, hear and applause.) How dare you criticise a Prussian official?—(Laughter)—and if you laugh, it is a capital offence—the colonel in Zabern threatened to shoot it it was repeated. In the same way the Serbian newspapers must not criticise Austria. I wonder what would have happened if we had taken the same line about German newspapers. (Hear, hear.) Serbia said: "Very well, we will give orders to the newspapers that they must in future criticise neither Austria, nor Hungary nor anything that is theirs." (Laughter.) Who can doubt the valour of Serbia, when she undertook to tackle her newspaper editors? (Laughter and applause.) She promised not to sympathise with Bosnia; she promised to write no critical articles about Austria; she would have no public meetings in which anything unkind was said about Austria.

"SERBIA FACED THE SITUATION WITH DIGNITY."

But that was not enough. She must dismiss from her army the officers whom Austria should subsequently name. Those officers had just emerged from a war where they had added lustre to the Serbian arms; they were gallant, brave and efficient. (Hear, hear.) I wonder whether it was their guilt or their efficiency that prompted Austria's action! But, mark you, the officers were not named; Serbia was to undertake in advance to dismiss them from the army, the names to be sent in subsequently. Can you name a country in the world that would have stood that? (Cries of "No.") Supposing Austria or Germany had issued an ultimatum of that kind to this country, saying, "You must dismiss from your Army—and from your Navy—(laughter)—all those officers whom we shall subsequently name." Well, I think I could name them now. (Laughter.) Lord Kitchener—(loud applause)—would go; Sir John French—(applause)—would be sent away; General Smith-Dorrien—(applause)—would go, and I am sure that Sir John Jellicoe—(applause)—would have to go. And there is another gallant old warrior who would go—Lord Roberts. (Applause.) It was a difficult situation for a small country. Here was a demand made upon her by a great military Power that could have put half-a-dozen men in the field for every one of Serbia's men, and that Power was supported by the greatest military Power in the world. How did Serbia behave? It is not what happens to you in life that matters. It is the way in which you face it—(hear, hear)—and Serbia faced the situation with dignity. She said to Austria: "If any officers of mine have been guilty, and are proved to be guilty, I will dismiss them." Austria said: "That is not good enough for me." It was not guilt she was after, but capacity. (Hear, hear.)

RUSSIA'S TURN.

Then came Russia's turn. Russia has a special regard for Serbia; she has a special interest in Serbia. Russians have shed their blood for Serbian independence many a time, for Serbia is a member of Russia's family, and she cannot see Serbia maltreated. Austria knew that. Germany knew it.

that. The Serbian Prime Minister is one of the most capable and honoured men in Europe. (Hear, hear.) Serbia was willing to punish any one of her subjects who had been proved to have any complicity in that assassination. What more could you expect? What were the Austrian demands? Serbia sympathised with her fellow-countrymen in Bosnia—that was one of her crimes. She must do so no more. Her newspapers were saying nasty things about Austria; they must do so no longer. That is the German spirit; you had it in Zabern. (Hear, hear and applause.) How dare you criticise a Prussian official?—(Laughter)—and if you laugh, it is a capital offence—the colonel in Zabern threatened to shoot it it was repeated. In the same way the Serbian newspapers must not criticise Austria. I wonder what would have happened if we had taken the same line about German newspapers. (Hear, hear.) Serbia said: "Very well, we will give orders to the newspapers that they must in future criticise neither Austria, nor Hungary nor anything that is theirs." (Laughter.) Who can doubt the valour of Serbia, when she undertook to tackle her newspaper editors? (Laughter and applause.) She promised not to sympathise with Bosnia; she promised to write no critical articles about Austria; she would have no public meetings in which anything unkind was said about Austria.

"SERBIA FACED THE SITUATION WITH DIGNITY."

But that was not enough. She must dismiss from her army the officers whom Austria should subsequently name. Those officers had just emerged from a war where they had added lustre to the Serbian arms; they were gallant, brave and efficient. (Hear, hear.) I wonder whether it was their guilt or their efficiency that prompted Austria's action! But, mark you, the officers were not named; Serbia was to undertake in advance to dismiss them from the army, the names to be sent in subsequently. Can you name a country in the world that would have stood that? (Cries of "No.") Supposing Austria or Germany had issued an ultimatum of that kind to this country, saying, "You must dismiss from your Army—and from your Navy—(laughter)—all those officers whom we shall subsequently name." Well, I think I could name them now. (Laughter.) Lord Kitchener—(loud applause)—would go; Sir John French—(applause)—would be sent away; General Smith-Dorrien—(applause)—would go, and I am sure that Sir John Jellicoe—(applause)—would have to go. And there is another gallant old warrior who would go—Lord Roberts. (Applause.) It was a difficult situation for a small country. Here was a demand made upon her by a great military Power that could have put half-a-dozen men in the field for every one of Serbia's men, and that Power was supported by the greatest military Power in the world. How did Serbia behave? It is not what happens to you in life that matters. It is the way in which you face it—(hear, hear)—and Serbia faced the situation with dignity. She said to Austria: "If any officers of mine have been guilty, and are proved to be guilty, I will dismiss them." Austria said: "That is not good enough for me." It was not guilt she was after, but capacity. (Hear, hear.)

RUSSIA'S TURN.

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and she turned round to Russia, and said: "I insist that you shall stand by with your arms folded whilst Austria is strangling your little brother to death." What answer did the Russian Slav give? He gave the only answer that becomes a man. (Hear, hear.) He turned to Austria, and said: "You lay hands on that little fellow, and I will tear your ramshackle Empire—(loud applause and laughter)—limb from limb." And he is doing it! (Loud applause.)

THE LITTLE NATIONS.

That is the story of two little nations. The world owes much to little nations—and to little men! (Laughter and applause.) This theory of bigness, this theory that you must have a big Empire, and a big nation, and a big man—well, long legs have their advantage in a retreat. (Laughter and applause.) The Kaiser's ancestor chose his warriors for their height, and that tradition has become a policy in Germany. Germany applies that ideal to nations, and will only allow 6-foot-2 nations to stand in the ranks. (Laughter.) But ah! the world owes much to the little 5-foot-5 nations. The greatest art in the world was the work of little nations; the most enduring literature of the world came from little nations; the greatest literature of England came when she was a nation of the size of Belgium fighting a great Empire. The heroic deeds that thrill humanity through generations were the deeds of little nations fighting for their freedom. Yes, and the salvation of mankind came through a little nation. God has chosen little nations as the vessels by which He carries His choicest wines to the lips of humanity, to rejoice their hearts, to exalt their vision, to stimulate and strengthen their faith; and if we had stood by when two little nations were being crushed and broken by the brutal hands of barbarism, our shame would have rung down the everlasting ages. (Loud applause.)

"THE TEST OF OUR FAITH."

But Germany insists that this is an attack by a lower civilisation upon a higher one. (Derisive cries.) As a matter of fact the attack was begun by the civilisation which calls itself the higher one. I am no apologist for Russia; she has perpetrated deeds of which I have no doubt her best sons are ashamed. What Empire has not? But Germany is the last Empire to point the finger of reproach at Russia. (Hear, hear.) Russia has made sacrifices for freedom—great sacrifices. Do you remember the cry of Bulgaria when she was torn by the most insensate tyranny that Europe has ever seen? Who listened to that cry? The only answer of the higher civilisation was that the liberty of the Bulgarian peasants was not worth the life of a single Pomeranian grenadier. But the "rude barbarians of the North" sent their sons by the thousand to die for Bulgarian freedom. What about England? Go to Greece, the Netherlands, Italy, Germany, France—in all those lands I could point out places where the sons of Britain have died for the freedom of those peoples. (Loud applause.) France has made sacrifices for the freedom of other lands than her own. Can you name a single country in the world for the freedom of which modern Prussia has ever sacrificed a single life? ("No.") By the test of our faith, the highest standard of civilisation is the readiness to sacrifice for others. (Applause.)

I will not say a single word in disparagement of the German people. They are a great people, and have great qualities of head and hand and heart. I believe, in spite of recent events, that there is as great a store of kindliness in the German peasant as in any peasant in the world; but he has been drilled into a false idea of civilisation. It is efficient, it is capable; but it is a hard civilisation; it is a selfish civilisation; it is a material civilisation. They cannot comprehend the action of Britain at the present moment; they say so. They say, "France we can understand; she is out for vengeance; she is out for territory—Alsace and Lorraine." (Applause.) They say they can understand Russia; she is fighting for mastery—she wants Galicia. They can understand you fighting for vengeance—they can understand you fighting for mastery—they can understand you fighting for greed of territory; but they cannot understand a great Empire pledging its resources, pledging its might, pledging the lives of its children, pledging its very existence, to protect a little nation that seeks to defend herself. (Applause.) God made man in His own image, high of purpose, in the region of the spirit; German civilisation would re-create him in the image of a Diesel machine—precise, accurate, powerful, but with no room for soul to operate. (Hear, hear.)

A PHILOSOPHY OF BLOOD AND IRON.

Have you read the Kaiser's speeches? If you have not a copy I advise you to buy one; they will soon be out of print, and you will not have many more of the same sort. (Laughter and applause.) They are full of the glitter and bluster of German militarism—"mailed fist," and "shining armour." Poor old mailed fist! Its knuckles are getting a little bruised. Poor shining armour! The shine is being knocked out of it. (Applause.) There is the same swagger and boastfulness running through the whole of the speeches. The extract which was given in the "British Weekly" this week is a very remarkable product as an illustration of the spirit we have to fight. It is the Kaiser's speech to his soldiers on the way to the front:—

> "Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, the German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended. I am His sword, His weapon, and His viceregent. Woe to the disobedient, and death to cowards and unbelievers."

Lunacy is always distressing, but sometimes it is dangerous; and when you get it manifested in the head of the State, and it has become the policy of a great Empire, it is about time that it should be ruthlessly put away. (Loud applause.) I do not believe he meant all these speeches; it was simply the martial straddle he had acquired. But there were men around him who meant every word of them. This was their religion. Treaties? They tangle the feet of Germany in her advance. Cut them with the sword! Little nations? They hinder the advance of Germany. Trample them in the mire under the German heel! The Russian Slav? He challenges the supremacy of Germany and Europe. Hurl your legions at him and massacre him! Britain? She is a constant menace to the predominancy of Germany in the world. Wrest the trident out of her hand! Christianity?

Sickly sentimentalism about sacrifice for others! Poor pap for German digestion! We will have a new diet. We will force it upon the world. It will be made in Germany—(laughter and applause)—a diet of blood and iron. What remains? Treaties have gone. The honour of nations has gone. Liberty has gone. What is left? Germany! Germany is left!—"Deutschland uber Alles!"

That is what we are fighting—(hear, hear)—that claim to predominancy of a material, hard civilisation, a civilisation which if it once rules and sways the world, liberty goes, democracy vanishes. And unless Britain and her sons come to the rescue it will be a dark day for humanity. (Applause.)

"THE ROAD-HOG OF EUROPE."

Have you followed the Prussian Junker and his doings? We are not fighting the German people. The German people are under the heel of this military caste, and it will be a day of rejoicing for the German peasant, artisan and trader when the military caste is broken. You know its pretensions. They give themselves the airs of demi-gods. They walk the pavements, and civilians and their wives are swept into the gutter; they have no right to stand in the way of a great Prussian soldier. Men, women, nations—they all have to go. He thinks all he has to say is, "We are in a hurry." That is the answer he gave to Belgium—"Rapidity of action is Germany's greatest asset," which means "I am in a hurry; clear out of my way." You know the type of motorist, the terror of the roads, with a 60 horse-power car, who thinks the roads are made for him, and knocks down anybody who impedes the action of his car by a single mile an hour. The Prussian Junker is the road-hog of Europe. (Applause.) Small nationalities in his way are hurled to the roadside, bleeding and broken. Women and children are crushed under the wheels of his cruel car, and Britain is ordered out of his road. All I can say is this: if the old British spirit is alive in British hearts, that bully will be torn from his seat. (Loud applause.) Were he to win, it would be the greatest catastrophe that has befallen democracy since the day of the Holy Alliance and its ascendancy.

"THROUGH TERROR TO TRIUMPH."

They think we cannot beat them. It will not be easy. It will be a long job; it will be a terrible war; but in the end we shall march through terror to triumph. (Applause.) We shall need all our qualities—every quality that Britain and its people possess—prudence in counsel, daring in action, tenacity in purpose, courage in defeat, moderation in victory; in all things faith! (Loud applause.)

It has pleased them to believe and to preach the belief that we are a decadent and degenerate people. They proclaim to the world through their professors that we are a non-heroic nation skulking behind our mahogany counters, whilst we egg on more gallant races to their destruction. This is a description given to us in Germany—"a timorous, craven nation, trusting to its Fleet." I think they are beginning to find their mistake out already—(applause)—and there are half a million young men of Britain who have already registered a vow to their King that they will cross the

seas and hurl that insult to British courage against its perpetrators on the battlefields of France and Germany. We want half a million more; and we sha'l get them. (Loud applause.)

"A WELSH ARMY IN THE FIELD."

Wales must continue doing her duty. That was a great telegram that you, my Lord, read from Glamorgan. (Hear, hear.) I should like to see a Welsh Army in the field. (Loud applause.) I should like to see the race that faced the Normans for hundreds of years in a struggle for freedom, the race that helped to win Crecy, the race that fought for a generation under Glendower against the greatest captain in Europe—I should like to see that race give a good taste of its quality in this struggle in Europe; and they are going to do it.

THE SACRIFICE.

I envy you young people your opportunity. They have put up the age limit for the Army, but I am sorry to say I have marched a good many years even beyond that. It is a great opportunity, an opportunity that only comes once in many centuries to the children of men. For most generations sacrifice comes in drab and weariness of spirit. It comes to you to-day, and it comes to-day to us all, in the form of the glow and thrill of a great movement for liberty, that impels millions throughout Europe to the same noble end. (Applause.) It is a great war for the emancipation of Europe from the thraldom of a military caste which has thrown its shadows upon two generations of men, and is now plunging the world into a welter of bloodshed and death. Some have already given their lives. There are some who have given more than their own lives; they have given the lives of those who are dear to them. I honour their courage, and may God be their comfort and their strength. But their reward is at hand; those who have fallen have died consecrated deaths. They have taken their part in the making of a new Europe—a new world. I can see signs of its coming in the glare of the battlefield.

THE "NEW PATRIOTISM."

The people will gain more by this struggle in all lands than they comprehend at the present moment. (Hear, hear.) It is true they will be free of the greatest menace to their freedom. That is not all. There is something infinitely greater and more enduring which is emerging already out of this great conflict—a new patriotism, richer, nobler, and more exalted than the old. (Applause.) I see amongst all classes, high and low, shedding themselves of selfishness, a new recognition that the honour of the country does not depend merely on the maintenance of its glory in the stricken field, but also in protecting its homes from distress. (Hear, hear.) It is bringing a new outlook for all classes. The great flood of luxury and sloth which had submerged the land is receding, and a new Britain is appearing. We can see for the first time the fundamental things that matter in life, and that have been obscured from our vision by the tropical growth of prosperity. (Hear, hear.)

May I tell you in a simple parable what I think this war is doing for us? I know a valley in North Wales, between the mountains and the sea. It is a beautiful valley, snug, comfortable, sheltered by the mountains from all the bitter blasts. But it is very enervating, and I remember how the boys were in the habit of climbing the hill above the village to have a glimpse of the great mountains in the distance, and to be stimulated and freshened by the breezes which came from the hilltops, and by the great spectacle of their grandeur.. We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable and too indulgent, many, perhaps, too selfish, and the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks we had forgotten, of Honour, Duty, Patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the great pinnacle of Sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven. We shall descend into the valleys again; but as long as the men and women of this generation last, they will carry in their hearts the image of those great mountain peaks whose foundations are not shaken, though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great war. (Enthusiastic and continued applause.)

WAR NOTES.

1914.

July 28—Austria-Hungary declares war on Serbia.
Aug. 1—Germany declares war on Russia.
,, 2—German ultimatum to Belgium.
,, 3—Germany declares war on France.
,, 4—Great Britain declares war on Germany.
,, 10—France declares war on Austria-Hungary.
,, 12—Great Britain declares war on Austria.
,, 15—Fall of Liege.
,, 16—British Expeditionary Force landed in France.
,, 20—Brussels occupied by the Germans.
,, 23—Japan declares war on Germany.
,, 28—British naval victory off Heligoland.
Sept. 5—End of Retreat from Mons to the Marne.
,, 6—Battle of the Marne begins.
Oct. 9—Antwerp occupied by the Germans.
Nov. 1—Naval action off Coronel.
,, 5—Great Britain declares war on Turkey.
,, 7—Fall of Tsingtau.
,, 20—Failure of struggle towards Calais.
Dec. 8—Naval battle off the Falklands.
,, 16—Germans bombard West Hartlepool, Scarborough, and Whitby, killing 127 civilians.

1915.

Jan. 24—Naval battle off Dogger Bank.
Feb. 2—Turks defeated on Suez Canal.
„ 25—Allied Fleet attacks Dardanelles.
Mar. 10—The British capture Neuve Chapelle.
Apr. 17—The British take Hill 60.
„ 25—The Allied Forces land in Gallipoli.
„ 28—German offensive at Ypres "definitely stopped."
May 7—The Lusitania torpedoed and sunk.
„ 23—Italy declares war on Austria.
July 2—Naval action in the Baltic; German cruiser Pommern sunk by British submarine.
„ 9—Conquest of German South-West Africa.
Aug. 6—New landing at Suvla Bay, Gallipoli.
„ 8-9—General Birdwood's advance at Anzac; troops fail to gain the summit of Sari Bair. General Stopford's failure at Suvla Bay.
Sept. 28—Defeat of the Turks at Kut-el-Amara.
Oct. 4—Russian ultimatum to Bulgaria.
„ 5—Allied Forces landed at Salonica, at invitation of Greek Government. M. Venezelos resigns.
„ 14—Bulgaria at War with Serbia; war declared by Great Britain.
Nov. 22—Great battle at Ctesiphon, 18 miles from Baghdad; Turks routed and retire on Dialah.
Dec. 19—Withdrawal from Anzac and Suvla Bay; troops, guns, and stores successfully withdrawn by Sir Charles Munro and Admiral Wemyss, with three casualties and loss of six guns.

1916.

Jan. 5—Military Service Bill introduced in House of Commons.
„ 8—Evacuation of Gallipoli; Cape Helles zone evacuated by Allies with one casualty and 17 guns abandoned.
Feb. 1—Elder Dempster liner Appan brought into Norfolk, Virginia, by a German prize crew, having been captured by a German raider. Salonica raided by enemy aircraft.
„ 3—Zeppelin L19 reported by fishing trawler King Stephen a wreck in the North Sea.
„ 21—Battle of Verdun. Germans attack from Brabant-sur-Meuse to Herbebois.
„ 26—Germans capture Fort Douaumont.
Mar. 10—Germany declares war on Portugal.
Apr. 13—Australians occupy Katia Oasis, Egypt.
„ 29—Surrender of Kut after siege of 143 days.
May 14—Great Austrian offensive in Trentino.
„ 16—Turkish camp, Sinai Peninsula, stormed by Anzacs.
„ 31—British naval victory off Jutland.
June 4—Great Russian offensive begins.
„ 25—Italian counter attack.
July 1—Great Franco-British offensive north and south of the Somme.
Aug. 9—Italians capture Gorizia.
„ 27—Roumania declares war on Austria-Hungary.
„ 27—Italy declares war on Germany.
Sept. 15—Great British advance on the Somme.

Oct. 7—British capture Le Sars.
Dec. 3—Rumanian armies defeated.
„ 6—Fall of Bukarest.
„ 12—Germany makes peace proposals through neutral Governments to Allies.
„ 15—Great French victory at Verdun.
„ 21—British occupy El Arish, Sinai Peninsular.
„ 30—Allies reply to German peace proposals with a direct negative.

1917.

Jan. 5—Fall of Braila.
Jan. 9—Anzacs and Imperial Camel Corps capture strong Turkish position at Rafa.
„ 31—Germany's announcement to neutrals of a policy of unrestricted naval warfare.
Feb. 16—War Loan closed; over £1,000,000,000 of new money subscribed.
„ 24—Capture of Kut-el-Amara by British troops.
„ 25—German retirement on the Ancre.
Mar. 1—German retreat on the Ancre continues.
„ 11—Capture of Baghdad by British troops.
„ 12—Revolution in Russia.
„ 17—Great German retirement in the west—British take Baupaume and 14 villages.
„ 18—Fall of Peronne.
„ 21—Rapid British advance 10 miles east of the Somme—40 more villages occupied.
„ 27—General Murray's victory over 20,000 Turks, five miles south of Gaza, Palestine.
Apr. 5—United States at war with Germany.
„ 9—Great Britain attack from Lens to Arras.
„ 13—British fighting on a 50-mile front from Loos to west of Cambrai; Vimy captured.
„ 16—Great French attack from Soissons to Reims.
„ 23—Great British advance along the Scarpe.
May 3—Great Battle east of Arras.
„ 5—Great French advance along the Aisne.
„ 7—Australians widen their hold on section of Hindenburg switch line.
„ 14—Italian attack north and south of Gorizia.
„ 23—Great Italian advance on the Southern Carso.
June 7—British capture Messines, Wytschaete Ridge.
„ 12—King Constantine abdicates.
„ 26—American troops reach France.
Aug. 8—Canada adopts conscription.
Sept. 1—Riga occupied by Germans.
„ 15—Russia proclaimed a Republic.
„ 29—British capture Ramadie.
Oct. 28—Austrians recapture Gorz.
„ 31—British capture Beersheba.
Nov. 3—British and French on Italian front.
„ 5—Austro-Germans cross Tagliamento.
„ 6—Canadians capture Passchendale.

„ 7—[illegible]ure Gaza.
„ 8—P[illegible]k revolution in Russia succeeds.
„ 9—Bolsheviks declare for armistice.
„ 17—British occupy Jaffa.
„ 20—Battle of Cambrai begins.
„ 24—Austro-Germans defeated on Piave.
„ 29—Lord Lansdowne's letter published.
„ 30—Cambrai retirement.
Dec. 1—Supreme War Council meets.
„ 5—Retirement in Cambrai district.
„ 6—Terrible explosion at Halifax.
„ 8—Roumania signs armistice.
„ 9—Revolt against Bolshevik Government.
„ 10—Jerusalem captured.
„ 16—Russia signs armistice.
„ 20—Conscription again defeated in Australia.
„ 22—Russian Peace Conference begins.
„ 31—Enemy retires across Piave River.

1918.

Jan. 8—Cossacks proclaim Republic of the Don.
„ 18—Russian Constituent Assembly meets.
„ 20—Breslau sunk, Goeben run aground.
„ 21—Widespread strikes in Austria.
„ 24—Rationing butter and meat in England.
„ 28—Anti-war strikes in Germany.
„ 31—Americans in first line trenches.
Feb. 4—Trial of Bolo Pasha begun.
„ 9—Ukraine signs peace treaty.
„ 10—Russians break off Peace Conference.
„ 11—Russia and Germany at "peace."
„ 18—Germany resumes war against Russia.
„ 21—British occupy Jericho.
„ 25—Roumania signs peace.
Mar. 3—Russia signs peace.
„ 13—Germans occupy Odessa.
„ 14—Britain seizes Dutch ships.
„ 21—Great German attack against British.
„ 23—Long-range bombardment of Paris.
„ 28—Germans attack at Montdidier.
„ 29—General Foch becomes Generalissimo.
Apr. 3—Germans land in Finland.
„ 5—Japanese and British at Vladivostock.
„ 9—Germans advance in Flanders.
„ 22—Zeebrugge Harbour sealed.
„ 24—Germans renew offensive.
May 1—Sebastopol occupied by Germans.
„ 10—Ostend Harbour blocked.
„ 15—British minefield in North Sea.
„ 28—Germans attack on Lys and Aisne.
„ 29—Germans cross Aisne.

,, 30—Soissons falls.
June 2—Germans reach the Marne.
,, 10—German attack near Noyon.
,, 15—Austrian attack on Asiago.
,, 16—Sir John Monash commands the A.I.F.
,, 17—Austrian attack on Asiago fails.
,, 19—German offensive at Rheims.
,, 21—Austrian defeat on Piave.
,, 24—Austrian reverse on Asiago.
July 1—British hospital ship sunk.
,, 6—Australians capture Hamel.
,, 13—Allies land on Murman coast.
,, 14—Germans attack at Chateau Thierry.
,, 15—Germans repulsed east of Rheims.
,, 18—French counter-attack north of Marne.
,, 21—Japanese land at Vladivostock.
,, 22—Chateau Thierry retaken.
,, 23—French attack at Montdidier.
,, 24—British capture Vrigny.
Cunard Liner Carpathia torpedoed off Irish Coast.
,, 26—Allies send mission to Siberia.
,, 27—Germans retreat from Marne.
,, 30—Australians capture Merris.
Aug. 2—French troops enter Soissons.
,, 3—Allies advance six miles on 29-mile front.
,, 4—French capture Fismes.
,, 10—Messageries Liner Polynesien mined in Mediterranean.
French enter Montdidier.
,, 21—Town of Albert captured by British.
British troops occupy Baku.
,, 22—Chemical factory at Marmheim bombed by airmen.
,, 26—Allies capture Roye, Cherisy and Gavrelle.
,, 27—British capture Maricourt.
,, 28—Allies capture Bapaume and Noyon.
,, 29—Combles and Le Trausloy occupied by British.
,, 31—57,318 Germans, 657 guns, 5,750 machine guns, 1,000 trench mortars captured during August.
Sept. 1—Australians capture Peronne, Flamicourt and St. Denis.
,, 2—British capture Lens, Queant, Tronville, Wulverghem.
,, 5—Tincourt, Bouvincourt, Estrees, Monchy and Quivieres captured.
,, 6—Hancourt, Sorel, Metz-en-Contre captured by British.
,, 7—French capture numerous villages between Somme and Oise.
,, 8—Allies capture Roisel, Hendicourt, Villiers, Faucon, Bernes, Poenilly and Vaux.
,, 10—American detachment of troops land at Archangel.
,, 11—British capture Havrincourt.
,, 12—Americans take St. Mihiel salient; total capture, 20,000 prisoners and 200 guns.
,, 13—Great peace talk in Germany and Austro-Hungary.
French attack and capture Mont de Soujis.

„ 14—S.S. Galway Castle torpedoed en route for Capetown; 120 passengers reported missing.
„ 15—Americans reached Pagny, S.W. of Metz.
„ 16—Total Australian casualties to date 277,878, including 52,187 deaths, 3,377 prisoners of war, and 147,422 wounded.
„ 17—Americans commenced long-range bombardment of Metz.
„ 18—Serbians, French and Greeks attack Bulgarians in Macedonia, capturing many villages, 20,000 prisoners, and many guns.
British evacuate Baku and Turks re-enter.
„ 19—Moeuvres recaptured.
„ 21—Further advance of General Allenby in Palestine, Nazareth, Nabulus, Samaria, Deisan and Jenin occupied.
„ 22—7th and 8th Turkish armies "hors de combat."
„ 23—Withdrawal of 4th Turkish army towards Amman—Colonial and Jewish troops in persuit reach Es Salt. Capture of Acre and Haifa.
Maan captured by King Hussien's Arabs.
„ 25—Armistice proposed by Bulgaria.
Tiberius (on the Sea of Galilee) and Amman (on the Hedjaz railway) occupied by General Allenby, 45,000 prisoners, 265 guns to date.
„ 27—Hindenburg Line in front of Cambrai broken by British who took Beaucamp, Granicourt and other important enemy positions.
„ 28—Bulgarian envoys arrive at Salonica to arrange peace terms with the Allies.
„ 29—Anglo-Belgian armies progressed and occupied Dixmunde, Passchaendale, Sheluvent, and Messines.
„ 30—Unconditional surrender of Bulgaria.
Second War Loan of £1,000,000,000 opened by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Oct. 1—Resignation of Count Hertling, German Imperial Chancellor.
Damascus entered by British, 7,000 prisoners.
Fall of St. Quentin.
„ 2—Rumilly-Beaurevoir-Fonsome enemy line of defence between Cambrai and St. Quentin broken through by Australians.
Enemy withdrawal from Armentieres, La Bassee and Lille.
„ 4—French and U.S. troops advance between Rheims and Verdun.
King Ferdinand abdicates Bulgarian throne in favour of his son Boris.
„ 7—French naval forces capture Beyrout in Syria.
„ 9—Cambrai taken by Canadians of the 1st army.
„ 12—U.S. troops overseas number over 1,900,000.
„ 13—Laon and La Fere occupied by French; retreat of Germans on front of 100 miles from the Oise east of St. Quentin to the Argonne.
„ 13—Nish captured by Serbians.
„ 14—Italians capture Durazzo in Albania.
Allies capture Roulers and Thourout in Flanders.
„ 15—Britain receives Turkish request for armistice.
British capture Tripoli and Baalbek in Syria.

„ 18—Operations against the Turks on the Tigris by three columns under General Marshall.

„ 23—Great attack opened by 3rd and 4th British armies east and north east of Le Cateau on a 20 mile front to a depth of 4 miles.

Mr. Balfour speaking in London said that in no circumstances was it consistent with the safety, security, and unity of the British Empire that the German colonies should be returned to Germany.

„ 26—Aleppo taken, completing the conquest of Syria and cutting the Baghdad railway.

„ 28—Conference at Versailles of Allied chiefs.

„ 30—Turkey out of the war, unconditional surrender, armistice signed.

British captures: Aug., Sept., Oct. in a series of successful battles fought in France, 172,659 prisoners including 3,957 officers, 2,378 guns, 17,000 machine guns, 2,750 trench mortars .

King and War Cabinet sent a warm message of thanks to General Allenby.

Nov. 1—Versailles conference opened, naval delegates present.

Combined push of U.S. and French troops from the Aisne to the Meuse.

„ 3—Surrender by Austria, accepting all conditions.

„ 4—Mutiny of sailors of German fleet at Kiel.

Advance of French and Americans 8 miles on a front of 30 miles.

„ 5—Rapid retreat of Germans on wide sections of the western front.

Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons announced that the Versailles conference had reached complete agreement as to terms of armistice with Germany.

Allies reply to Germany through President Wilson. Germany must apply for the conditions of the armistice to General Foch in usual military form.

„ 6—Sedan reached by U.S. troops.

„ 8—Resignation of Prince Max of Baden, Imperial Chancellor.

Spread of revolutionary movement over Germany.

„ 9—German envoys received by General Foch.

Abdication of Kaiser announced.

Flight of Kaiser to Holland.

„ 10—French capture Hirson, surrounded Mezieres and crossed the Meuse—few German troops remaining on French soil.

„ 11—Mons entered at dawn by Canadians.

Armistice signed by German plenipotentiaries.

11 a.m. Firing ceased on all fronts.

Allies terms included the giving up of 6 Battle Cruisers, 10 Battleships, 8 light Cruisers, 50 Destroyers, and all Submarines.

Scenes of great rejoicing in London and the provinces.

„ 13—German Crown Prince interned in Holland.

„ 15—Czechoslovak Republic proclaimed with Prague as capital.

„ 16—King Ludwig resigns Bavarian throne.

„ 17—Formal proclamation of Hungarian Republic.

„ 19—French army enters Metz amid repoicing of populace.

„ 21—German battle fleet surrendered.
„ 22—King of Belgians formally enters Brussels.
Dec. 3—British troops cross Belgian frontier and enter Germany.

1919.

Jan. 18—Peace Conference opened.
June 28—German plenipotentiaries signed peace terms at Versailles, 4 p.m.
July 10—German President signed ratification of Peace Treaty by the National Assembly.

"The brave man seeks no poppular applause,
Nor overpowered by arms deserts his cause,
Unharmed, tho' foiled, he does the best he can,
Force is of brutes—but honour is of man!"

Robt. McGregor & Co., Printers, Brisbane.

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